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- *MANNA Goes Headhunting!
- *THE HOUSEWIVES Plunge In & Mop Up!
- *LITTLE FIJI Gets Real Mad!
- *GLOW Gossip!

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ALL AGLOW

GLOWmania's Sweeping The Country

When you're videotaping GLOW wrestling matches in Las Vegas or putting together GLOW magazine in Hollywood, you really can't appreciate the impact that GLOW is having on the rest of America. The only feedback we get is the mail that pours in, and though those hundreds and hundreds of letters give us a good idea of who's watching GLOW and how much they love it, they really can't tell us what kind of *electricity* is out there.

For that, we have to witness the fans coming to GLOW shows and reacting to their favorite wrestlers.

And that's exactly what we saw on the 1988 GLOW Tour in January. Though a couple of shows were under-attended because of a snowstorm that crippled the South for a week, overall the tour was a tremendous success. Fans flocked to auditoriums and arenas to see and cheer on their heroes, buy GLOW souvenirs, and get autographs. We met families who had driven in from all over the state and the state next door. Moms and dads of all ages, kids, servicemen, college students—GLOW just seems to be popular with everyone. It doesn't matter if you're male or female, black or white, young or old, you gotta like GLOW!

Even though the GLOW girls are in terrific physical shape, they all had sore wrists from signing thousands and *thousands* of autographs for ecstatic, adoring fans during their three-week tour. Their jaws hurt from smiling brightly for thousands of cameras. But they loved every moment of it.

Meanwhile, the TV show keeps getting higher and higher ratings, and it continues to spread to new towns and cities.

Already, new GLOW tours and GLOW conventions are being planned for the spring and summer!

GLOWmania is spreading all over America!

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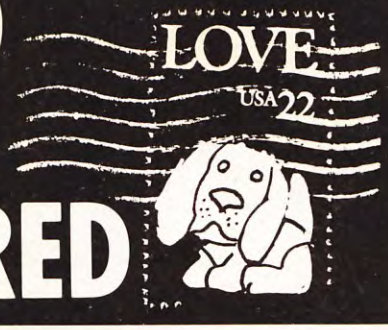
NO HOLDS BARRED



WOW, we didn't realize how many GLOW fans there are out there! Your letters have been avalanching into our offices in such huge amounts that the mailman's asking to be put on our company health plan (just in case he develops back trouble). Though we read every letter that arrives, we can only run a few in this and other columns each month. But don't let that hold you back. Keep those letters coming! And please keep in mind that if you want an answer in the mail, you'll have to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

NOT SO FUNNY

I think you should put an end to the Hip Dictionary segment of the **GLOW** TV show. Don't you think you all set a bad example for the youth of America? How are they ever going to increase their vocabulary if you keep making fun of the English language. As a school teacher, I'm opposed to this kind of humor. It just isn't funny at all!

Teresa Brookhollow
Bangor MA

PRIME TIME GLOW?

I think that **GLOW** should borrow a page from the WWF and schedule a once-a-month prime-time special event with plenty of headlining bouts including a championship bout for the **GLOW** Crown. Saturday Night's Main Event (the WWF Show) gets tremendously high TV ratings when it airs and the same can happen to **GLOW** if given the chance. Can you imagine some 20 million viewers watching at the same time? It would really work wonders for ladies wrestling and would make **GLOW** a household word!

Beth Feinstein
Calabassas CA

Thanks, Beth, we'll pass on your advice to the proper individuals.

DEMENTIA RULES!

I just finished reading your Dementia update in the second issue of **GLOW**, and man—what a dizzy broad this is! Good luck to Aunt Kitty in trying to keep Dementia under control. I hope she knows what she's gotten herself into!

James Tobin
Little Rock AR

Kitty likes strong wrestlers with weak minds. So, Dementia seems perfect!

WE'RE GETTING BETTER

I just finished reading the second issue of **GLOW**. Boy, was it great! I couldn't believe the incredible stories on Dementia and the Heavy Metal Sisters. They were great! And your full-color, pull-out posters are the best, most action-packed ever. **GLOW**, you've outdone yourselves this time!

Thomas Ranford
Stamford CT

OUT FOR BLOOD

I have been watching WWF and NWA wrestling for over 10 years now and I enjoy it tremendously. I especially like it when the wrestlers bleed all over the ring. I notice that Ric Flair (NWA Champ) and Hulk Hogan (WWF Champ) seem to bleed at the slightest provocation. Let's see some **GLOW** blood—please. I know these wrestlers get hurt quite often, but why don't they ever bleed? It would seem so much more realistic if that happened.

Drew Steinfeld
Des Moines IO

*Why don't you rent a videotape of George Romero's "Dawn Of The Dead"? You'll get a month's worth of gore, and our **GLOW** girls can keep their skin intact, you bloodlusty guy you.*

Dementia tries to strangle a Farmer's Daughter (opposite); Ninotchka (right) muses over having her own fan club; Susie Spirit and Debbie Debutante (lower right) should take a hike, says a reader.

DOCTOR KNOW?

As a member in good standing of the medical profession, I was appalled to learn about the activities of the so-called **GLOW** doctors—Dr. Grope and Dr. Fiel. Their combined medical knowledge can fit on the head of a pin! How dare you let these fakes run their hands over the soft, nubile flesh of those gorgeous **GLOW** girls? It's a crime! Now, as it turns out, I've always fancied living in the Vegas area. If by chance an employment opportunity should arise that combines both medicine and wrestling (if you catch my drift), please feel free to call and discuss these possibilities with me—a *real* doctor!

Dr. Raoul Bandersnatch
Roanoke VA

THE WINNER IS...

I watch **GLOW** wrestling every single weekend and I also bought the premiere issue of **GLOW** magazine. I enjoy both very, very much. Now, do I win anything?

Barbara Santiago
Maspeth NY

*In lieu of a prize, please accept our congratulations for being an avid **GLOW** fan. Just think of how you're enriching your life. Who needs a prize, anyway?*

SMOKE SCREEN?

We are two ladies, 23 & 21 years old. We watch **GLOW** all the time and are interested in forming a fan club called Colonel Ninotchka's Girls. We have recently switched to smoking cigars in her honor! Our friends find it both intriguing and strange, but we don't care. Colonel Ninotchka is the best and we want everyone to know!

The IMS Girls
Salisbury MA

*Hey, send us a clear snapshot of yourselves and we may run it in an upcoming issue of **GLOW**!*

WHO'S A WIMP?

I'm sick and tired of all those goody-goody **GLOW** girls complaining about cheaters in the ring. It's just too bad! Life isn't a bowl of cherries, you know! Maybe wrestlers like Americana, Susie Spirit, Debbie Debutante and the others should take a hike! These girls are all wimps who are more concerned with their make-up and hair than with winning the **GLOW** Crown!

Pat Adams
Bristol RI

GOOD GIRLS ONLY

GLOW is my favorite show on TV, but I must say that I am a fan of the Good Girls only. I'm fascinated by the way they can wrestle the Bad Girls and always win no matter how badly the bad ones cheat. I'm especially glad that Tina beat Ninotchka for the Crown. That should teach them all a lesson that cheaters never win in the long run! Keep it up, Good Girls!

Julia Coe
LaHabra CA

MORE IS BETTER

I watch **GLOW** every single week because it's the funniest show on television. I have one small suggestion: Why not have more good and bad managers? Aunt Kitty is fine, but imagine if there were other managers—then, the competition would be truly fierce! What do you think?

Dallas Pierce
Cincinnati OH

NO HOLDS BARRED

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

I just finished reading the **GLOW** profile you did on my favorite wrestler, Hollywood. You put her down! How dare you! Hollywood makes the show what it is every week. Without her the rest of **GLOW** would suffer greatly. The **GLOW** Crown should belong to Hollywood—without a doubt! Why are people against her? Why do they keep putting her down? In this sport, you've got to do anything and everything to survive. And Hollywood is a survivor!

John Branson
Fowler IN

GOT A PROBLEM?

I'd like to start off by saying that **GLOW** is one of the best wrestling programs in the country. But there are a few things that bother me. My first problem is that I think David McLane sounds too much like Howard Cosell. Next, I think David resembles a penguin! Also, I feel that a few of the matches look too set-up. Once you fix all of these things, **GLOW** will be perfect!

Eddy Bonifare
Duncanville TX

JUST LIKE ME

I wanted to get a message to my two favorite **GLOW** wrestlers: Spike & Chainsaw. The reasons they're my favorites are that they're mean and nasty just like me. They also humiliate their opponents like they did with the Southern Belles. Hats off to Spike & Chainsaw!

Lance Rensch
San Mateo CA

CAN'T GET ENOUGH?

I finally found a copy of **GLOW** magazine and I can't tell you how happy I am. I watch it on TV all the time, but now I can have **GLOW** right in my own home. I wonder if in addition to the magazine I would be able to purchase extra pins, posters, pictures, etc.

William Hafele
Utica NY

*Many of the items you want are available through the official **GLOW** Fan Club. To join, send a check or money order for $18 to **GLOW** Fan Club, 6565 Sunset Blvd., Suite 520, Hollywood CA 90028.*

MORE GLOW, PLEASE

I would really like to thank you for coming out with **GLOW** magazine. I think it's the best magazine on sale today. When it came out on sale in my home

Hollywood (opposite top and with Broadway Rose, bottom) should wear the Crown, claims a reader; the nastiness of Spike (opposite bottom) inspires her fans; Susie Spirit leg-chokes Ninotchka (right), while our staff (lower right) looks stupid at ringside.

town, it sold-out like hot cakes! I really enjoy the photos and posters—especially the feature on Hollywood. I can't wait for the next issue to come out so I can hang up the color posters. I was wondering ...could you tell us avid **GLOW** fans how we can get even more photos and stories on the girls?

Ray Thomas
Lebanon KY

*How about joining the official **GLOW** Fan Club?*

GLOWING PRAISES

I just picked up the first issue of **GLOW** magazine and I think it's great! I couldn't tear myself away from reading it. I spent hours looking at the pictures of Susie Spirit and Debbie Debutante and of course Hollywood. I watch **GLOW** every week and think it's the greatest show on TV. Unfortunately, it's only on during the weekends and not every day. What can we do to get **GLOW** on during the week too?

John Weston
Milwaukee WI

Write to your local TV station managers.

OVER 50!

I have a special request and offer for you to consider: I would like to wrestle Colonel Ninotchka! Here are the conditions. I would be a bit jumpy if it were to be in front of a large television audience. Also, I would have to wear a hood over my head and, if I receive payment for my efforts, I would like the money sent to the St. Judes Research Foundation. Of course I would wrestle under your rules. I have some high school and college experience and I feel as if I'm ready and in shape. I'm 56 years old!

Richard Stewart
St. Petersburg FL

DINNER FOR TWO?

Let me get right to the point: I am the president of the Hollywood Fan Club here in Dayton. I'm writing to you because I want to take Hollywood out on a date to a local restaurant. Not a cheap fast food place, but a nice, cozy restaurant. I'm not going to try anything with her, I just want to take her out so she can have a good time. Hollywood is the best **GLOW** wrestler, and she deserves the best. I am 22 years old, and I'm not a freak!

Dave Peterson
Dayton OH

FAMILY SIGHS

I am 11 years old and watch **GLOW** every single week. I think Susie Spirit is the best wrestler, but my brother likes Hollywood. My dad agrees with me that Susie is tops, but my mom likes the Housewives most of all! Oh, well!

Brandi Meoni
Rosemount MN

Your mom is sure gonna like this issue.

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You want fun? You want excitement? You want to be entertained like never before?

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JUNGLE REPORT!

Manna The Headhunter Likes Girls With Good Heads On Their Shoulders!

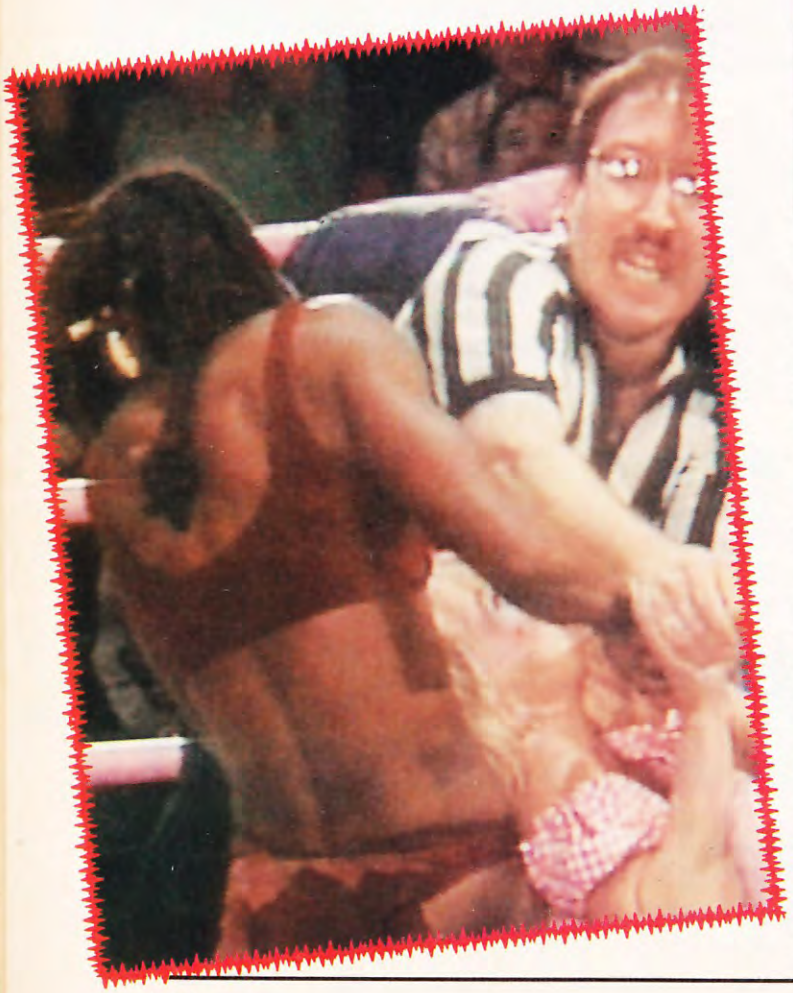
"BOONGA BOONG GOBOGO!"*

(*translation: "Would you like your head shrinkwrapped?")

During the first season on TV, **GLOW** featured the Headhunters Mika and Mina, two vicious primitives from a South Pacific island tribe. When civilization proved too unaccommodating for them—Las Vegas police frowned upon the ladies spending late hours in laundromats, washing and drying various objects at high heat—the gals headed back home.

Now there's Manna the Headhunter, who reportedly comes from the jungles of Borneo. Nobody's sure exactly where Manna calls home. According to Manna's *head*mistress, Aunt Kitty, "I got her from this great white hunter who brings back all kinds of wild animals for zoos and circuses. He stopped by the Riviera Hotel because the circus was playing there. He wanted to sell 'em a tiger and a rhino, I think. I took one look at this girl he had locked up in a cage, and I told him, 'I'll take *her*!' But don't ask me where the Headhunter comes from. I can't understand a word she says."

"You never want to flip a coin with Manna. It's always 'Heads, you lose!'"



Aunt Kitty claims that although she was able to train Manna in some of the basics of wrestling (and cheating), the feral girl remained distant and dangerous. "I still don't trust her," says Kitty. "But then again, I don't trust you either!"

It soon became obvious that the only way to Manna's heart was to give her cats. She likes to follow them around, prowl and hunt like them, and help them catch birds and rats. "I had these funny little things I thought were baby chestnuts or something," says Aunt Kitty, "but they were actually shrunken rats' heads! Manna left them all around my apartment."

Whether this wild woman collects heads as trophies or as religious artifacts is still unclear. She does seem to practice a kind of animism, the primitive belief that both living and nonliving things possess a soul, and that by certain rituals she can capture the souls of these objects or people or animals. Before going into the ring, for instance, she goes through elaborate rituals to gather the strength of things and people around her in order to give her the power of two or three.

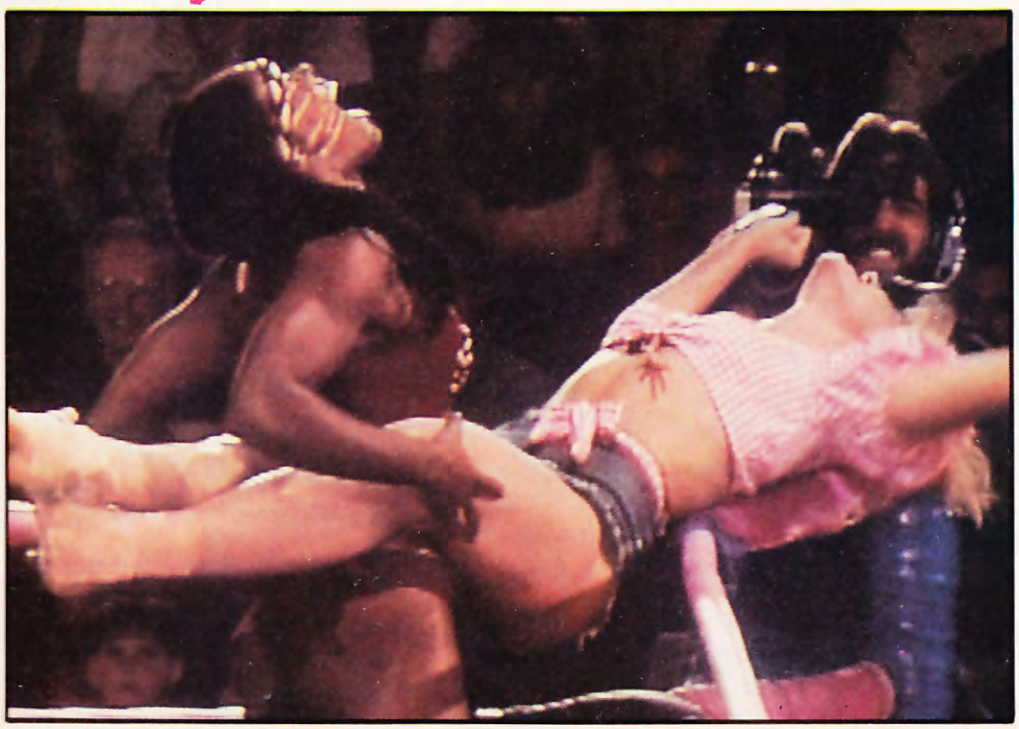
Manna also uses curses and voodoo-like dolls to intimidate her enemies and debilitate them. Several wrestlers who have fought her, including one of the

Farmer's Daughters, have complained of feeling weak and drained of energy after their bouts with her.

Despite the fact that Manna has lived around Las Vegas for about a year now, she shows no signs of becoming civilized. She still can't go near the bright, noisy casinos without going into a dangerous frenzy. And Aunt Kitty still keeps her on what she calls "a jungle diet" of raw fish, nuts and fruits, and when she doesn't have Manna chained up, she's running her out on the desert on the outskirts of Las Vegas. "I don't want the Headhunter to lose her catlike agility and strength," Aunt Kitty says. "See how her muscles and sinews ripple when she moves, just like a proud lioness? I don't want her to lose that!"

ERRGGHH!!

"Manna practices voodoo medicine. She has a surefire headache cure!"



But Aunt Kitty concedes that someday soon she will have to return Manna to the wild. "Such a proud animal she is, and there's no way to take that wildness out of her. You can't tame something like Manna. I doubt if she was even raised by people. Maybe tigers or leopards found her as a baby and raised her up. Who knows? If I could ever find somebody who speaks her language—if it really is a language—maybe I'd get a handle on what's going on inside that head of hers. But I figure that in another year, maybe sooner, it'll be time to take her back. I don't want civilization to destroy this wonderful, beautiful creature!" ●

GLOWROAST

SPANISH RED

"Spanish Red's voice is very easy to distinguish and hard to extinguish!"
—*Mountain Fiji*

"Spanish Red just got back from the beach. Her tongue was sunburned!"
—*California Doll*

"Someday Spanish Red may come up with a few brilliant flashes of silence!"
—*Tina*

"When Spanish Red was born, her parents hired a lawyer to find a loophole in the birth certificate!"
—*Little Fiji*

"Some people are born great, some become great, but Spanish Red, she just grates on you!"
—*Tara the Southern Belle*

"The Las Vegas newspaper mistakenly ran Spanish Red's obituary. The next day they ran a retraction, saying they were sorry for being wrong!"
—*Amy the Farmer's Daughter*

"It's always fun to run into Spanish Red—when you're driving and she's walking!"
—*Susie Spirit*

"When Spanish Red dies, they'll bury her face down, so that she can see where she's going!"
—*Lil Egypt*

"She's such a pain in everybody's neck, the Bayer Aspirin company pays her royalties!"
—*The Soul Patrol*

ONE-ON-ONE

SPIKE & CHAINSAW

One-on-One is your chance to communicate directly with your favorite GLOW wrestlers. Write to the GLOW star of your choice at GLOW Magazine, 6565 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 520, Hollywood CA 90028. We'll print the best letters in each issue—along with each GLOW girl's response!

Dear Spike & Chainsaw:
I think that you guys are really cool. I like your wrestling outfits a lot. I was wondering if you hang out with any of the popular Rock or Heavy Metal stars like Motley Crue, Alice Cooper, King Diamond, Metallica...you know. Do you guys ever party together after a match?

David Infanto
Grooves Corner NE

Yo, David:
The Heavy Metal Sisters are what's happening. We set the trends in the ring and outside of the ring. How'd you like me to light your cigarette with my blowtorch? Then we'll go dancing and I'll let my sister cut in! The Heavy Metal Sisters don't hang out with nobody. And ya know why? It's because no one can keep up with us, that's why! We're into breaking some heads and causing lots of pain. We never go to parties, we just crash 'em. Ha, Ha, Ha!

Dear Chainsaw,
You really kill me. Not only are you a terrific wrestler, but you succeed in completely intimidating your opponents with that buzzing chainsaw you carry around with you. I always felt that intimidation was half the battle. Once you strike fear in their hearts, you have won the battle. Bravo to you and your partner, Spike! Keep up the great work.

Ted Blaszik
Newport Beach VA

Ted,
Who cares what you think? Me and Spike don't! We do what we want because nobody can stop us. And it's gonna stay that way, understand?

Dear Chainsaw,
If you return this letter answered, I will invite you over to my apartment for a wrestling match right here in my living room. What do you think about that?

Bobby Drake
Joliet IL

Bobby,
How would you like me to give you a buzz? I guarantee—you'll go all to pieces!

GLOWLINES

Greetings, Gossip Lovers! Want a sizzling earful of the latest scoops about the Gals of GLOW? Then you've come to the right place! It's time to get

Down-'n'-DIRTY

This month HOLLYWOOD reports all the GLOW gossip that's fit to print!

HELLO OUT THERE,

this is Hollywood, practicing up for my future career as a gossip monger here in Hollywood, destroying careers and reputations. For now, though, I'll just have to satisfy myself with **GLOW**, but maybe I can still ruin a few wrestling careers while I'm at it.

HEAVY METAL SISTERS GET "KISSED" OFF

SPIKE & CHAINSAW

were more than disappointed recently when their plan to impress their long-time heroes, members of the rock group **KISS**, went up in smoke. The glam gals found out where the band was staying, and disguised themselves as hotel maids to gain entry to their rooms. Once inside, instead of cleaning, they started singing! But KISS didn't think the noise was music to their ears, and called hotel security. A fight erupted, Spike's blowtorch caught the room's curtains on fire, Chainsaw buzzed a chair in half, and the girls were 86'd and warned never to return. One member of KISS was overheard saying, "We've seen plenty of crazy chicks in our time, but those two are too freaky for us!" Way to go, Spike and Chainsaw!

SHAMU TO YOU, TOO

What's the difference between MOUNTAIN FIJI and a 30-ton whale? Apparently, just a little hair and a size 80 sarong! At least that's what local aquarium officials thought when the gentle giantess showed up for a visit and they tried to herd her into the tank. Luckily, she let out a killer wail and was soon set free. Like I always say: It pays to spout off!

Looks like **NINOTCHKA** has another body to boss around. She got an assistant—a young KGB groupie named **TANYA**, who's supposedly the niece of **RAISA GORBACHEV**. Now you might well wonder why Ninotchka needs an assistant—*I* certainly wanted to know, so I asked her. "Is very simple why I need a secretary," the rowdy Russkie hissed. "I read much more fan mail each week than all other **GLOW** wrestlers!" Sure, maybe that's true—but only because Ninotchka reads *everybody's* mail!

COMRADES IN ARMS

Tanya and Ninotchka aren't the only "Reds" in the news...Listen to this juicy story that's going around about **SPANISH RED:** When goody-goody **LITTLE FIJI** left town on a vacation, she asked Spanish Red to take care of her pet parrot, Popeye. Spanish Red was only too happy to help. She took the bird home and kept it for a week. When Little Fiji came to pick it up, she got the surprise of her life—the parrot let loose with a barrage of disgusting, newly-learned obscenities, all in Spanish...courtesy of the naughty senorita! Poor Little Fiji's ears are still burning, but I think Spanish Red's dirty trick was pretty cool. After all, it's only appropriate that a parrot named Popeye should swear like a sailor!

GROUP THERAPY DEPT.

THE HEADHUNTER

has been seeing a shrink lately, according to my lockerroom spies. But Manna didn't stop with just having her own head examined. She also brought along her own collection of shrunken heads—nearly a hundred in all. Her doctor may soon discover that when you're spending time with Manna, it's hard keeping ahead!

WHO SAID "WHOA!"?

TARA got thrown for a loop the other day. She was riding her horse, Rebel, around her plantation and decided to practice jumping hurdles. The horse picked a bad time to be polite: When they came to one of the hurdles, Rebel rebelled and let Tara go over it first...head over heels. Poor Tara got banged up and bruised, but she'll be back in the ring soon—to get banged up and bruised all over again! Couldn't happen to a nicer girl!

Well, that's it for this time. I gotta get outta here. Me and Vine are going down to the schoolyard to try to warp a few young minds. Wish us luck!

XXXOOOXOXOXXXOO,
HOLLYWOOD

COMING CLEAN

Interview by Dawna Kaufmann

"WE'RE THE ONLY TRUE BEAUTIES IN ALL OF GLOW!"

Claim Arlene & Phyllis, THE HOUSEWIVES

After their husbands left them for younger women, the Housewives took a cross-country Greyhound to Las Vegas to see what kinds of harlots they were competing against. Soon afterward, they joined **GLOW**.

They don't *look* like beauty consultants...With their faces caked with green mud packs, these Newark, New Jersey, ladies look more like prehistoric mold.

You wouldn't mistake them for high-fashion models...Wearing ratty old bathrobes over grimy pajamas, they're more "low-dreck" than high-fashion.

And they surely don't *sound* very glamorous...In fact, their nasal whines sound exactly like two cats trying to mate on top of a fence!

But when Phyllis and Arlene heard that **GLOW** magazine wanted to do an article about Beauty, they insisted on inflicting their opinions. Over a lunch of boiled burgers at Phyllis' Las Vegas apartment, I conducted the following interview:

"Debbie's the perfect football cheerleader. She looks like she blocks kicks with her face!"

These Self-Appointed Beauty Experts Rate The Good, The Bad And The Ugly!

GLOW: So what makes you two think you know anything about beauty?

PHYLLIS: What are ya talkin' about? We know *everything* about beauty!

ARLENE: We consider ourselves *experts* when it comes to knowing how other women should look.

GLOW: So you wouldn't mind at all judging the appearances of your fellow GLOW girls?

ARLENE: Mind? Honey, we'd be doing it anyway!

GLOW: You mean you're qualified to give beauty tips to the other gals in order to help 'em improve their looks?

PHYLLIS: That's what we've been telling you!

INTERVIEW

ARLENE: Hello? Hello? Anybody home? What are you, deaf? Or are you boycotting Q-Tips?

GLOW: Okay, okay. First, let me ask you this: Do either of you have a philosophy about looking attractive?

PHYLLIS: Sure. A woman oughta dress to turn a man's head...and not his stomach!

ARLENE: My own personal feeling is that most women *look* like a page out of *Vogue*. *Way* outta *Vogue*, if ya know what I mean!

PHYLLIS: But lucky for them, if they follow our simple advice, they can avoid looking like the cheap tramps and hussies they really are.

GLOW: I see. Well, for starters, let's begin with an easy subject like the CALIFORNIA DOLL.

ARLENE: *Easy*? That's the right word for her!

GLOW: Now, now. Wouldn't you say that California Doll's a natural beauty?

PHYLLIS: Well, she does look like something you'd see in nature!

ARLENE: No kiddin', she's a mess with that bleached mop of hair!

PHYLLIS: Yeah, she's got that bleaches and cream look. She's had a few too many Clorox shampoos. Her hair looks like a pile carpet.

GLOW: Gee, I kinda like the Doll's hair—

PHYLLIS: You would!

ARLENE: Really! There's only one thing for the dear little Doll to do, and that's to shave her head!

GLOW: What?

PHYLLIS: You heard right. She should scalp herself and start over.

ARLENE: It'd get rid of her head lice, too.

PHYLLIS: Maybe. [*They both cackle.*]

GLOW: All right, take a wrestler like LITTLE FIJI. Now, she has a face men look at twice.

ARLENE: They can't believe it the first time.

PHYLLIS: Let's face it, Little Fiji is a porker.

ARLENE: Oink, oink!

"Susie Spirit needs to stop patting herself on the back and start patting herself under the chin!"

PHYLLIS: Her baby fat reached puberty!

GLOW: Well, how about one of the more exotic GLOW girls? MANNA THE HEADHUNTER, for instance.

ARLENE: I will admit she's got a certain faraway look about her...

PHYLLIS: Yeah, from far away she looks okay. But up close...

GLOW: Let me mention several other wrestlers. SUSIE SPIRIT?

ARLENE: She needs to stop patting herself on the back and start patting herself under the chin. And her teeth...yeech! She has so many cavities, she talks with an echo.

GLOW: How about AMERICANA? She has such pretty eyes.

PHYLLIS: Ha, maybe that's why they're always looking at each other.

ARLENE: There are two things that keep me from saying Americana is beautiful: My eyes!

GLOW: All right. How about DEBBIE DEBUTANTE?

ARLENE: The perfect football team cheerleader. She looks like she blocks kicks with her face!

GLOW: DEMENTIA?

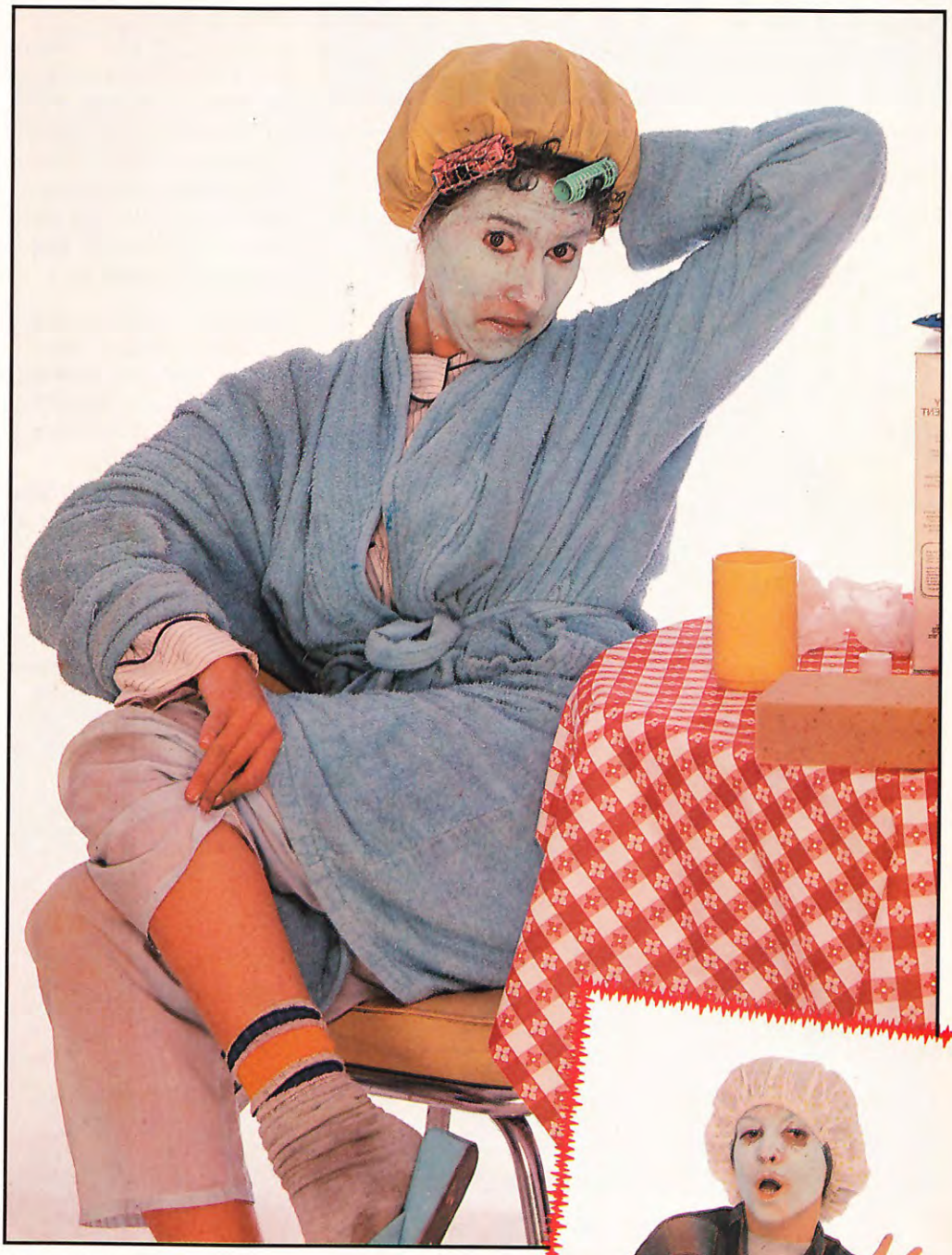
PHYLLIS: She's so chalky. The only way she gets any color in her face is when she sticks out her tongue.

ARLENE: You mean Dementia's got one? I thought the cat got it.

GLOW: All right. How about LITTLE EGYPT?

PHYLLIS: I have something good to say about her. She's not two-faced like most of these girls. After all, if Little Egypt had a second face, why would she wear the one she's got?

ARLENE: Ha ha ha!



INTERVIEW

"Sally the Farmer's Daughter has a twin, but people can usually tell 'em apart. Her brother has a mole!"

She's got a lot of pluck. Just look at her eyebrows. She tried to get a man, but to no avail. She should wear one.

GLOW: ASHLEY CARTIER?

ARLENE: She thinks she's pretty. Ha! When she walks along the docks, even the tugboats stop whistling.

PHYLLIS: She once had a coming out party, but they made her go back in again.

ARLENE: I heard that she was a war baby. Her parents took one look at her and started fighting.

GLOW: Oh, come on now, girls! Are you going to insult SALLY THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER ?

ARLENE: Well, she wouldn't be bad looking if it weren't for that little blemish she has—right between her ears!

PHYLLIS: She's got a twin, but people usually can tell 'em apart. Her twin brother has a mole on his chin.

ARLENE: I heard Sally went to the beauty parlor last week. She wanted to get an estimate.

BOTH: Hey, Dummy, forgetaboutit! [*They laugh themselves into hysterics.*]

GLOW: Certainly, you won't be able to insult a truly glamorous beauty like TINA.

PHYLLIS: Why not? We're professionals!

ARLENE: Look here, when it comes to picking beauties, we pick and pick and pick!

PHYLLIS: There is no question but that Tina got her good looks from her father.

ARLENE: Yeah, he's a plastic surgeon!

PHYLLIS: Besides, it's not too hard to look decent when you wear a wig, dentures, phony eyelashes and fingernails.

ARLENE: Not to mention a couple of *other* false things she's got, too!

GLOW: Please *don't* mention it. You know, I get the distinct impression that you two are jealous about beautiful, younger women.

ARLENE: That's really absurd. Rubbish! How'd you like to French kiss a plunger?

PHYLLIS: That's a big pile of doody, and you know it!

ARLENE: Sheesh! You think that because our husbands ran off with a coupla bimbos, that we're biased or something. But we're not!

PHYLLIS: Naw! We hate *all* women equally!

BOTH: HA HA HA HA!

PHYLLIS: Ah boy, I'll never forget when my Bernie met his sweet little chickie and asked her, "Where have you been all my life?"

ARLENE: Yeah, so what did she say to him?

PHYLLIS: She looked at him and in her little baby voice said, "Well, for the first two-thirds of it, I wasn't even born!"

ARLENE: Serves old Bernie right, that jerk!

GLOW: Ladies, ladies! Back to the topic, please. What are your opinions on wardrobe? For example, do you think a woman should "dress for success?"

ARLENE: Absolutely. **TARA THE SOUTHERN TART**'s a perfect case in point.

GLOW: And just how do you figure that?

ARLENE: If Tara wants to be taken seriously as a wrestler, she's gotta change her clothes.

GLOW: How?

PHYLLIS: For one thing, she's gotta put some *on*! She'll never be a winner in the ring until she covers up that shameful body of hers!

ARLENE: Yeah, and hide those disgusting curves and bulges.

PHYLLIS: We recommend that she start wearing roomy mens' leisure suits.

ARLENE: They must be polyester, of course. To match her personality!

PHYLLIS: And don't forget the stylish bag for over her head!

[*The Housewives wheeze with laughter.*]

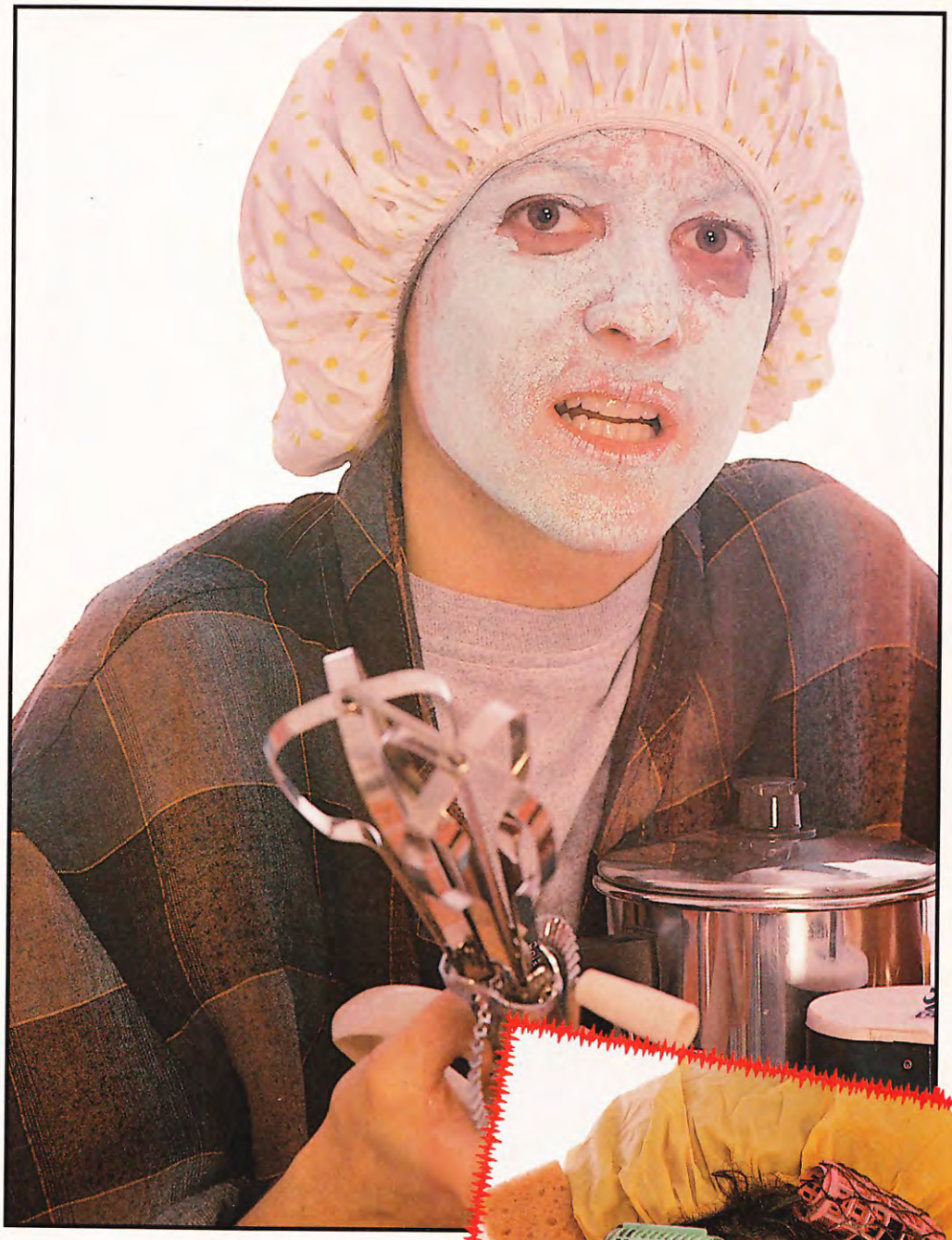
GLOW: Hmmm, I can see it's pointless to continue this interview. Obviously, you are both crazy, bitter old hags, with no more sense of beauty than the man in the moon. And GLOW wrestlers who follow your advice should get their heads examined!

PHYLLIS: Oh yeah? *Yeah*? Well, flattery'll get ya a fat lip!

ARLENE: Phyllis, forgetaboutit! This floozy ain't worth the effort! Anyways, it's time for "Donahue." Today's show is about good women who love chocolate too much.

PHYLLIS: Mmmm! Okay, I'll grab the Sara Lee and be right back.

ARLENE: So long, creepo! Whenever ya want to soak your head, you can use this bucket here. It'll look better than that hat you're wearing! •



THE DRY WIT OF

Sir Miles Headlock

The GLOW girls are capable of tossing insults and put-downs around as easily as they throw each other around the ring. If you're thinskinned and slowwitted, you better not get in a shouting match with these sharp-tongued tanglers.

That's why the GLOW programmers spared no expense when they put together Sir Miles Headlock's memory banks–they're reputed to contain 50 Ks of snappy one-liners alone. When the computer-generated gentleman from Britain goes head to head and toe to toe (figuratively speaking, of course) with the feisty GLOW girls, he can usually hold his own (even though there's really nothing of his own to hold). He certainly can't hold his tongue, as you will see in the following exchanges we witnessed:

My standing within the GLOW power structure is quite impressive. I only dine with the brass.

I see. In other words, they won't let you near the silver.

I often wear gowns from Paris.

Is that Paris, Kentucky, or Parris Island?

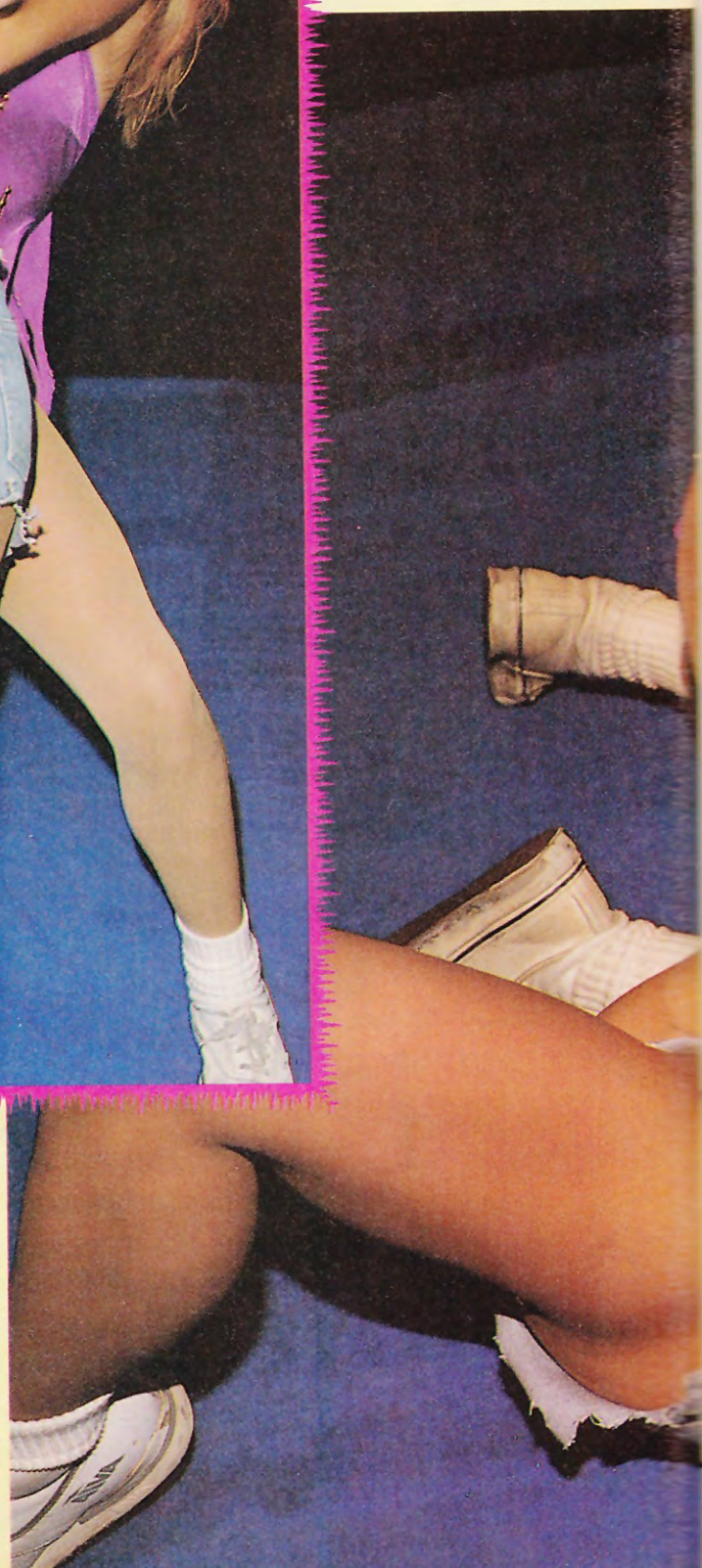
TAG TEAM TANGLERS

Sally & Babe, the Farmer's Daughters, Take On Hollywood & Broadway Rose

In this main event, Sally the Farmer's Daughter introduces her youngest sister, Babe, fresh off the farm, and urban urchin Hollywood throws a coming out party for her East Coast counterpart, Broadway Rose, who's been hanging out on Times Square since she dropped out of P.S. 98.

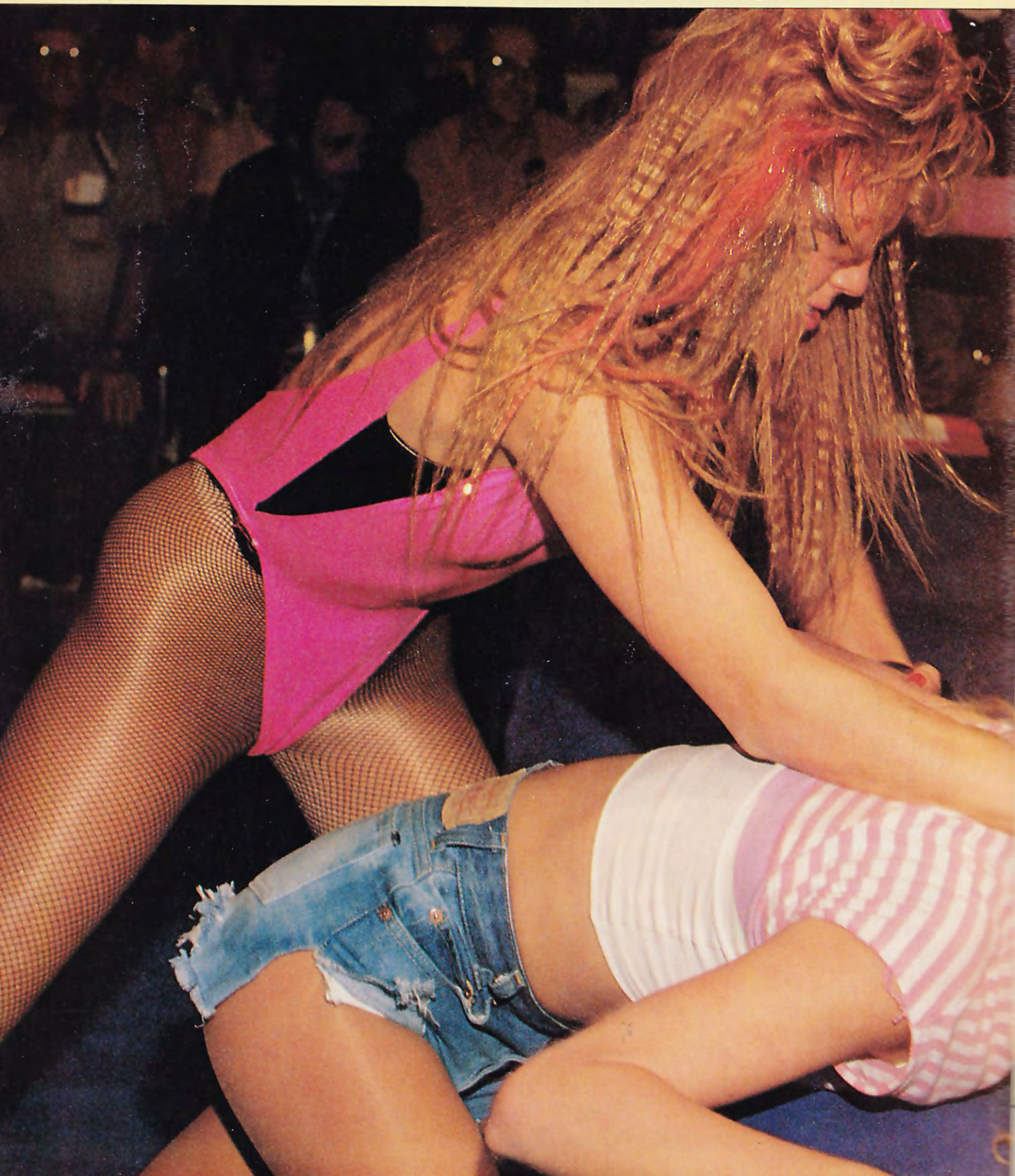
It's a fierce battle of city mice vs country mice!
A war between down home and downtown!
A struggle between peaches'n'cream and nitty'n'gritty!

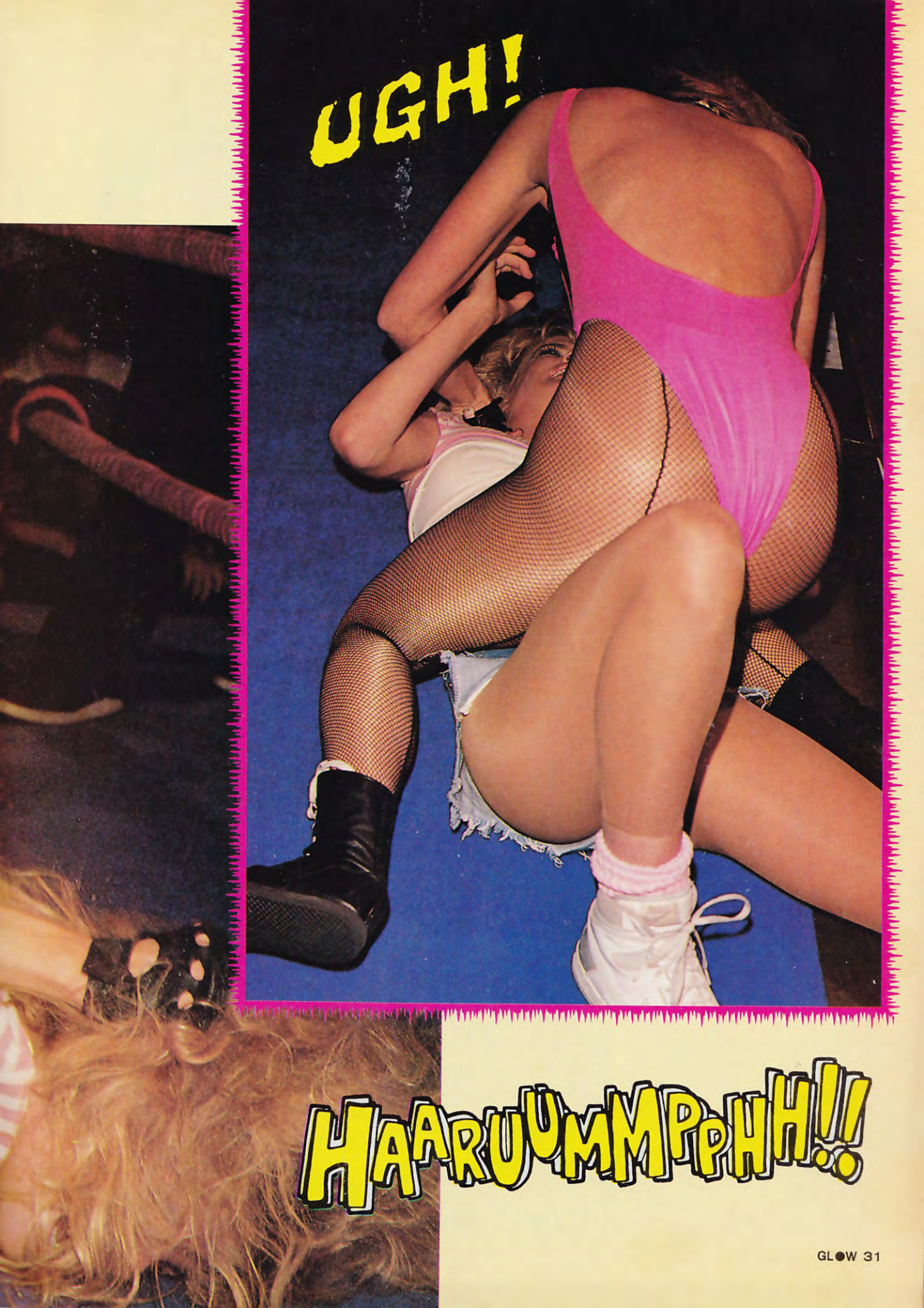
BOFF!

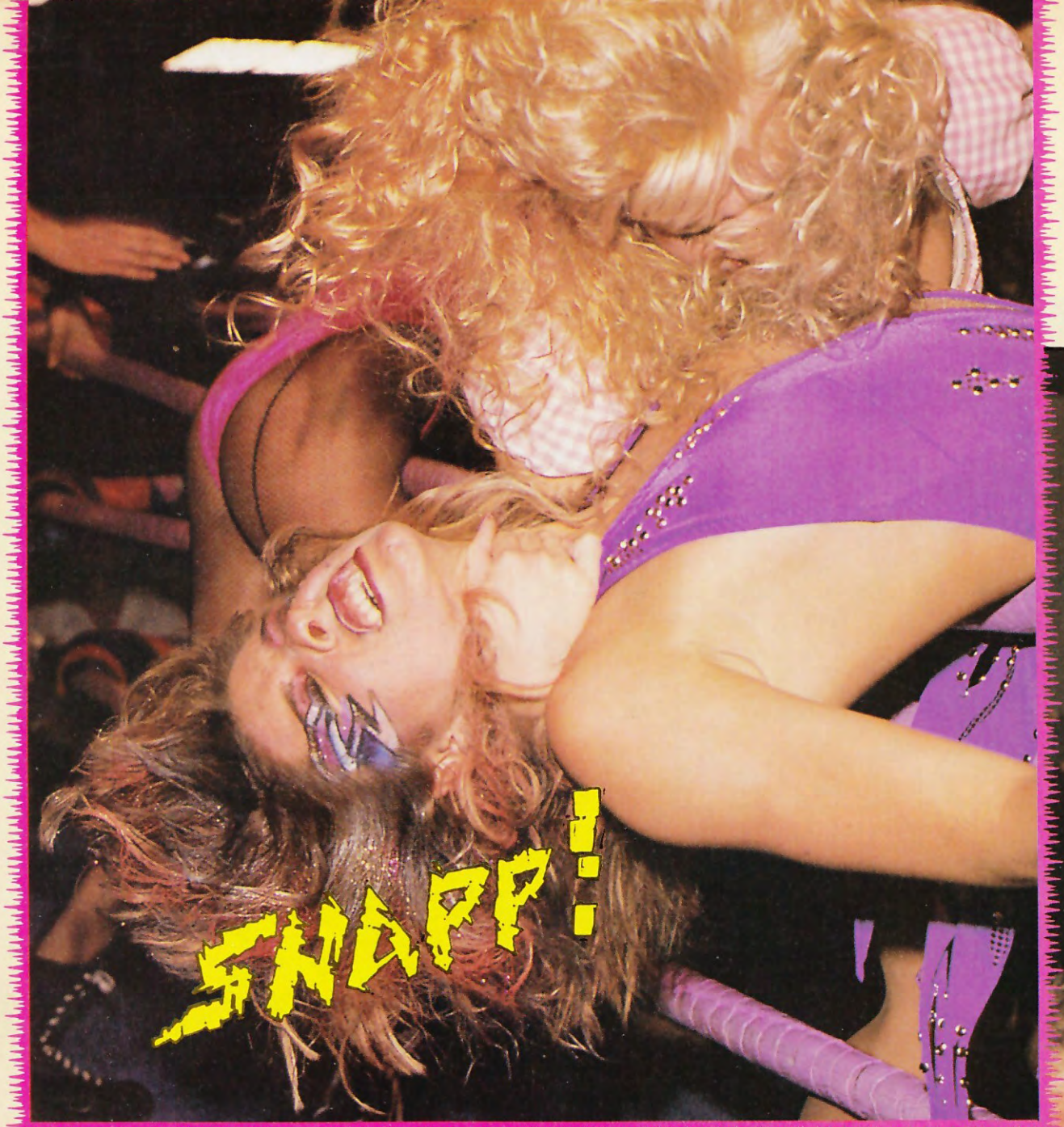


OOOMPHHH!

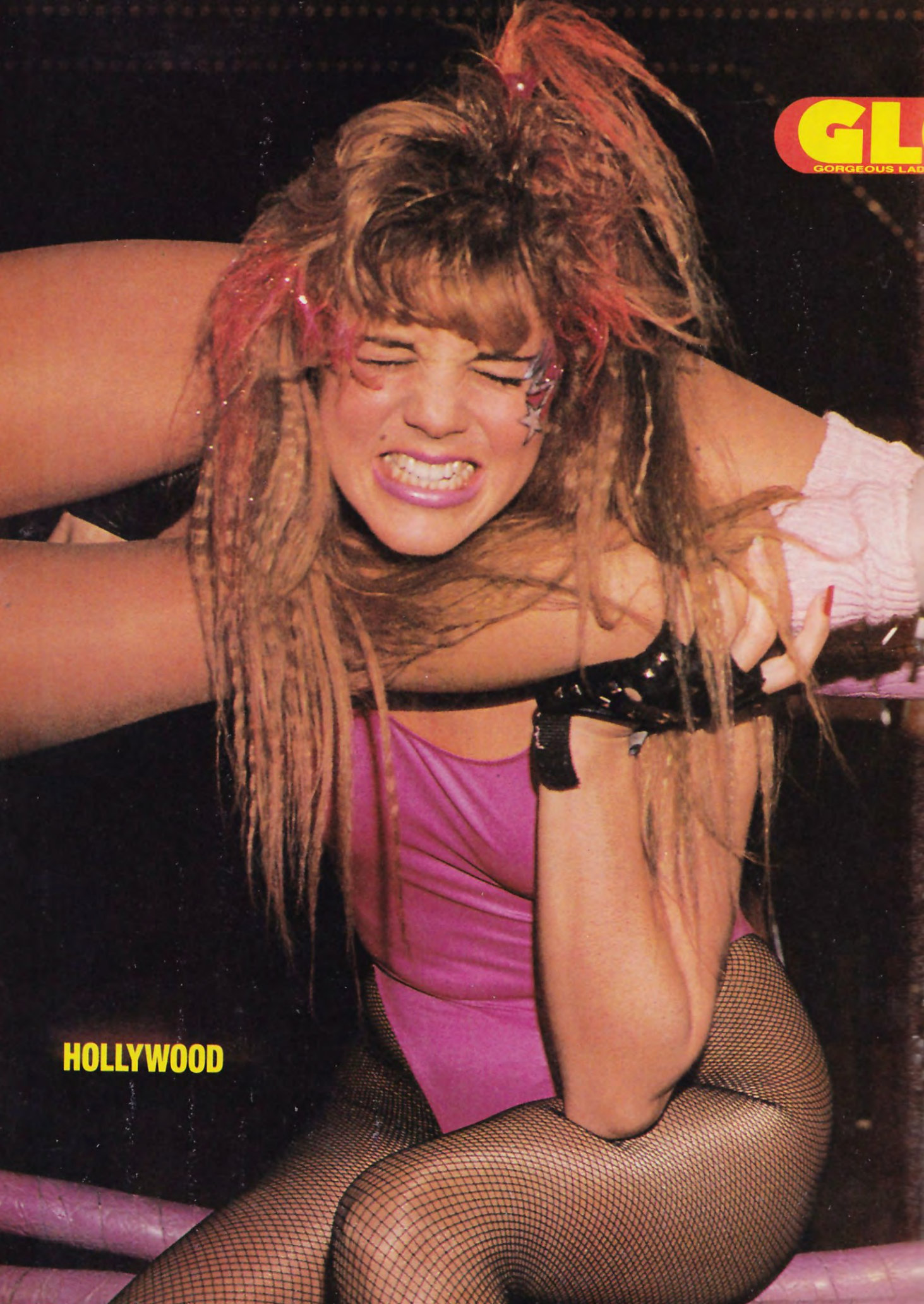
Meanwhile, Hollywood and Sally are grappling outside the ring. Hollywood pounds her head into the side of the mat (below) before deciding that maybe the floor's better.




UGH!
HAARUUMMPPHH!!


SNAPP!

Now it looks like Babe the Farmer's Daughter is starting to get the upper hand (and the upper foot) on the Manhattan miscreant, Broadway Rose, back inside the ring.


GL
GORGEOUS LAD
HOLLYWOOD

OF WRESTLING
BROADWAY ROSE

LOOSE-IN-THE-BIG-CITY REPORT!

"WE'RE HERE TO SLOP THE HOGS & PLUCK THE CHICKENS!"

Brag the Farmer's Daughters

Sally & Her Kid Sister Babe

Hog Hollow, Nebraska, is so small, it doesn't have its own zip code. The town library only has two books (and one of them has already been colored in). As Sally says, "Hog Hollow's not even a wide place in the road—State Road never got around to widening it!" But lately the little place feels as big as. . .well, North Platte! That's because Hog Hollow is where the Farmer's Daughters of **GLOW** call home and hang their halters.

The first Cornhusker cutie to make her name in **GLOW** was Sally, the oldest. She was first attracted to show business when Hog Hollow's only other celebrity, Arnold the Pig, who starred in a 1960s TV show called "Green Acres," came back home after his distinguished career was over. "I was just a little girl, no bigger 'n a minute," says Sally, "and I was sittin' on Pa's shoulders and watchin' Arnold being driven back and forth through town in the mayor's pickup truck. Our main street's less than a block long, so the parade kept goin' back and forth. We didn't have ticker tape neither 'cause we never had to fix tickers, so we threw corn at him. He ate some of it. Anyways, that was the first time I ever seen sunglasses—never knew people wore 'em too till much later. You see, everybody else in Hog Hollow was poor—not dirt poor, 'cause we had plenty of dirt, but poor. And here

"I hate Colonel Ninotchka. She's the type who'd send mud to hurricane victims. She can stab you in the back from the front!"

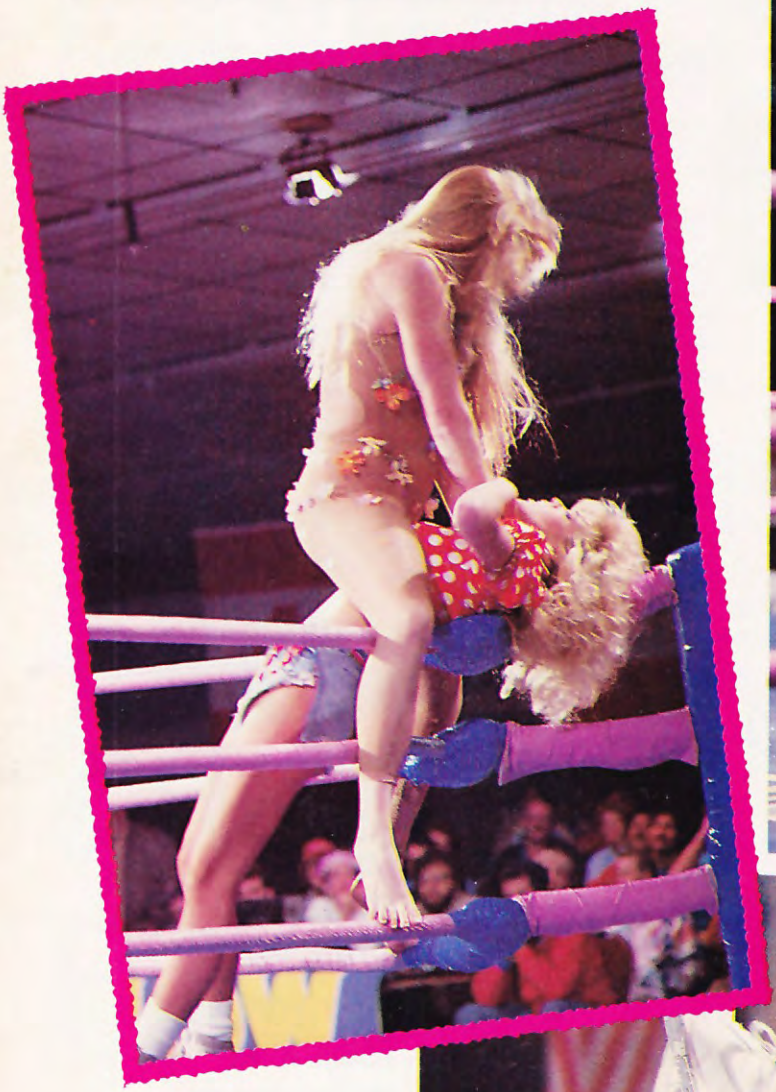
come Arnold bringin' home the bacon and actin' like a real ham. Right there and then I told myself that when I growed up, I was gonna go away and get into that there show business, whatever it was."

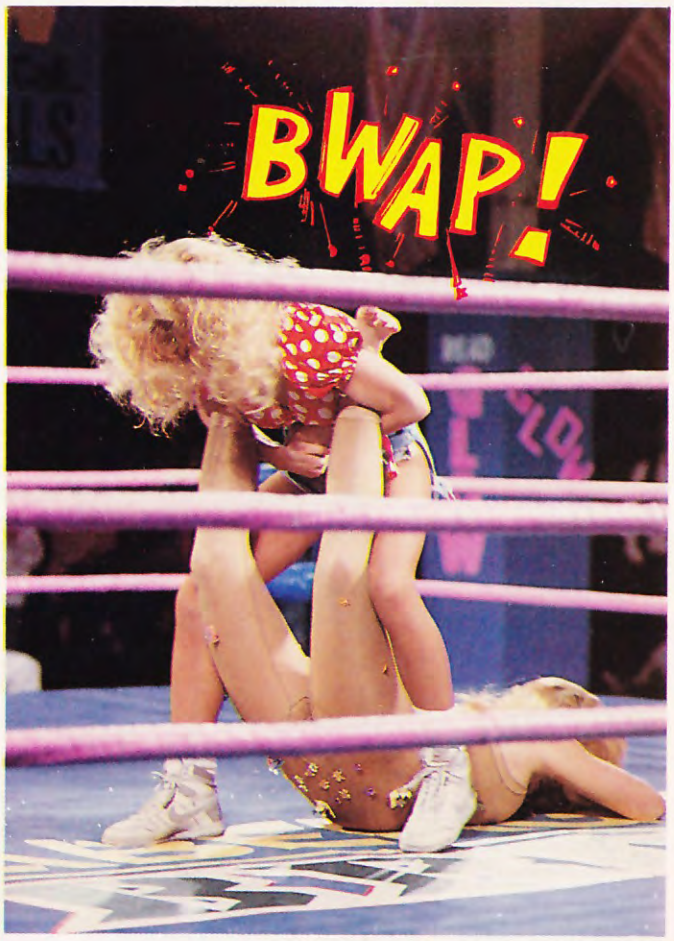
True to her promise, Sally left home right after high school, rode a bus to Las Vegas, and became a wrestler for **GLOW** during its first season. After that season's shows were videotaped, she went back home for the autumn harvest. When it looked like the family farm might be taken over by the local bank, she stayed to help her folks take care of things. Not wanting to dishonor her **GLOW** contract, she sent her next youngest sister, Amy, to fill her shoes for the second season.

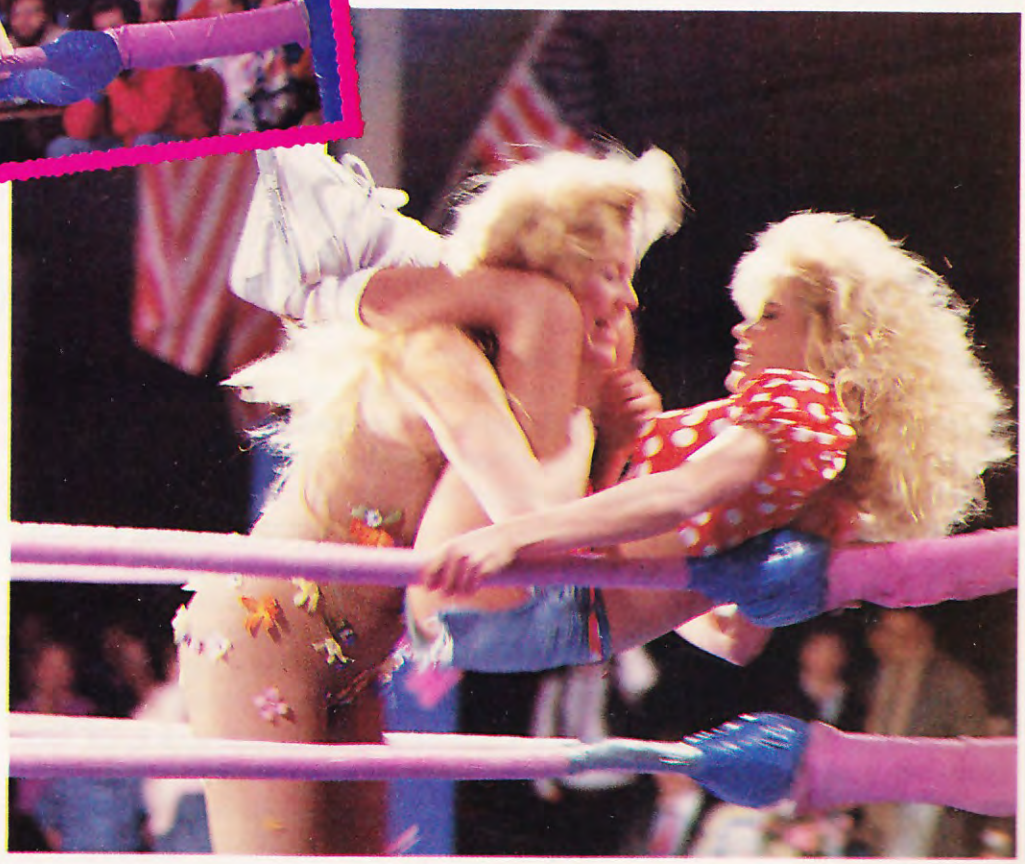
But now that the family has paid off the mortgage, Sally is back with **GLOW**. And as a bonus she has brought her youngest sister, Babe, whom she trained herself "in the hayloft, with the hay breakin' her falls." Nowadays the two Farmer's Daughters are **GLOW**'s toughest Good Girl tag team.

The Farmer's Daughters have become a favorite of **GLOW** fans who enjoy their girls-next-door prettiness and Daisy Mae innocence. They were in Los Angeles recently to appear on a local TV show, so our correspondent, Sneed Hearn, sat down with the sisters for a spell to conduct their very first interview!

LOOSE-IN-THE-BIG-CITY REPORT!







CONK!!!

GLOW: How large is Hog Hollow, Nebraska?

SALLY: Well, there's a sign that says "Welcome to Hog Hollow" and another sign that says "You Are Leaving Hog Hollow." They're both on the same pole.

GLOW: What do you do when you're back there in Hog Hollow?

SALLY: Now, or when we was kids growin' up?

GLOW: When the two of you were growing up.

SALLY: Well, I was always takin' long walks. Sometimes I'd walk down to Hog Hollow and watch the weeds grow in the cracks of the sidewalk. For a while there, State Road put up a flashing traffic light in the middle of town, but folks started spendin' so much time watchin' it that nothin' much was gettin' done. So the state come and took it away. But that light gave us, oh, about a year's worth of solid entertainment.

BABE: I spent a lot of time with my piglet, Homer, and my bull, Buford. Homer won a couple of blue ribbons at the Nebraska State Fair.

GLOW: Babe, you and Hog Hollow must have been very proud of Sally when she first came back there after her season with GLOW.

BABE: Oh wow, it was really something. The town wanted to name the local swimmin' hole after her, but unfortunately it dried up just about then. So this farmer over the rise from us named one of his salt licks after her. And nearly every new calf born that spring was named Sally too.

GLOW: Sally, you must be very proud.

SALLY: Oh, when I see a cow back there named Sally, I just burst with pride!

GLOW: Babe, just how did you come to join GLOW?

BABE: Wellsir, when Sally came back home and Amy went off to Las Vegas to replace her, I knew that I wanted to join up too. So I started off wrestlin' my piglet. Plus, I started gettin' real good at scufflin' from fightin' off the boys behind the barn. And Sally would train me, teach me all the moves, ya know. We'd open a bale of hay, spread it around, and wrestle. I couldn't have done it without my sis.

GLOW: You were very lucky to have her. But Sally, when you first went to Las Vegas, you had nobody to guide you or offer advice. Was that difficult for you?

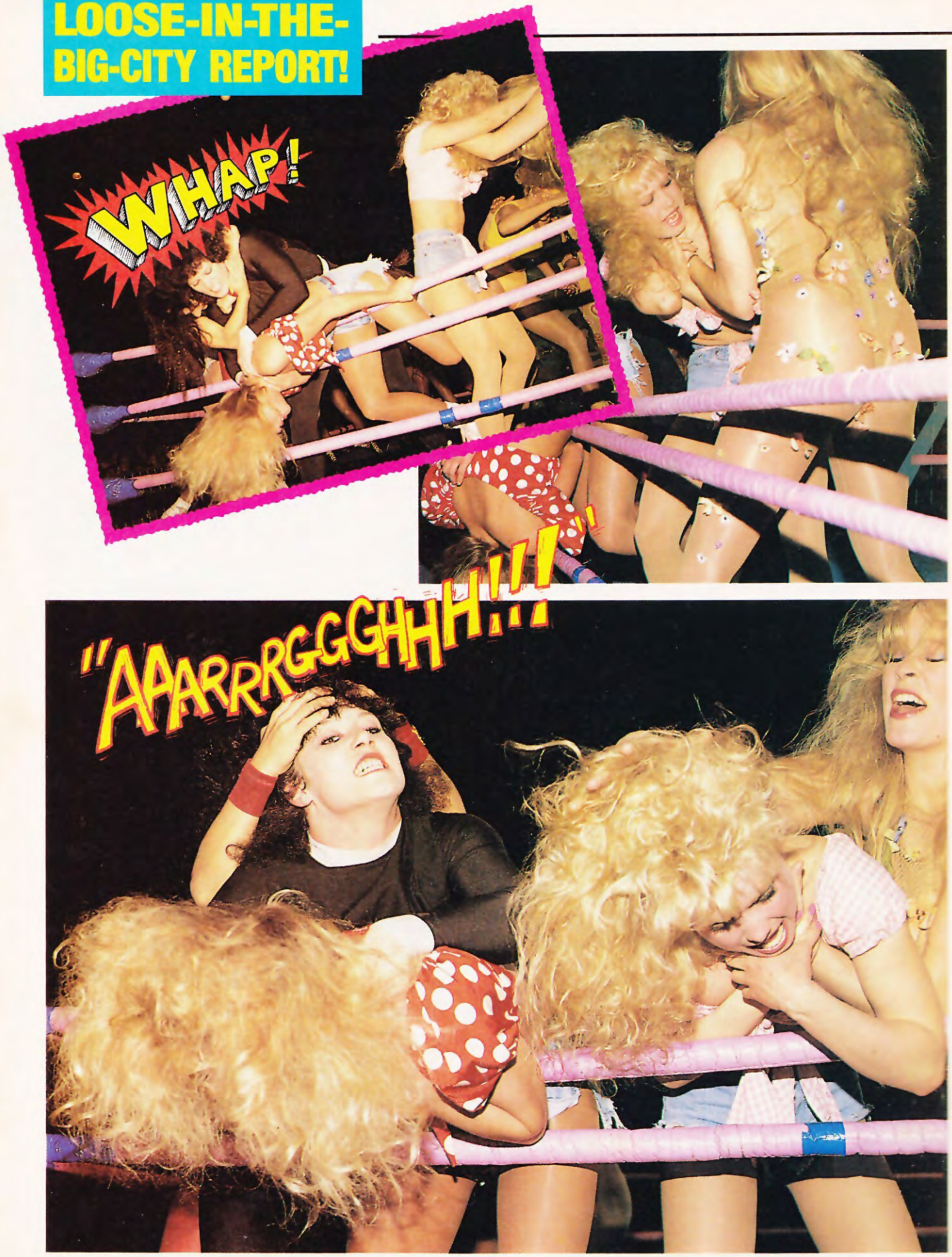
SALLY: It sure was. I nearly went plumb crazy, seems like everybody promised me a lot but nobody was really helpin' me. Men in Las Vegas sure remind me a lot of them travelin' salesmen that used to stop by the farm all the time when Pa was in town. They was always askin' if they could help me count sheep at night, even though we only had two sheep. And they'd want to know if they had a clear field. Well, how would I know what their fields was like? Yessir, they seemed real funny to me.

BABE: Remember that one fella came by one time and kept tellin' us how much he loved our calves? Said our calves was the best he'd ever seen. I mean, you can like your cattle, but... love 'em? Really weird.

SALLY: Ma and Pa, they insisted that I come back to **GLOW** if Babe was comin'. She's the baby of the family and they was afraid for her, so they insisted that I stay with her and keep an eye on her.

"Somebody gave Dementia an ant farm, but she didn't know what the heck to do with it. She kept looking for a tractor that was small enough!"

LOOSE-IN-THE-BIG-CITY REPORT!



GLOW: How did you first find out about GLOW, Sally?

SALLY: Wellsir, I was just arrived in Las Vegas and wonderin' if maybe I could be a showgirl, 'cause I'm a real good dancer. I used to win all kinds of prizes at the square dances at Smiley's Barn on Saturday nights. One year they voted me Miss Dosey-Doe. Anyways, you'll never believe this, but the first wrestler I met was Ninotchka. She knowed...er, knew that I was a farmgirl right off. She told me she could introduce me to someone who sold tractors. *Russian* tractors! I said we already had a tractor. Then she told me that she was the world's greatest wrestler. That's when I found out about **GLOW**.

BABE: I hate Colonel Ninotchka. She's the type of person who'd send mud to hurricane victims.

SALLY: I don't like her much neither. She's the only person I know that can stab you in the back from the front. But I guess I owe her something.

GLOW: Let's talk about some of the wrestlers you've been up against. For instance...Dementia?

SALLY: Dementia, as my sister Amy always says, reminds us of someone back at our farm: the scarecrow!

BABE: Somebody gave her an ant farm, but the poor girl didn't know what to do with it. She kept looking for a tractor that was small enough.

GLOW: The Heavy Metal Sisters?

SALLY: I sure don't like that Chainsaw. Ya know, I'll never forget this farmer back home, Mr. Lamey, he bought one of them chainsaws a long time ago but he didn't like it too well. He was clearin' out some trees, but he was only cuttin' down about three trees a day—and the salesman had told him he could cut down 20 or 30 with that newfangled chainsaw. So he took the chainsaw back to Leek's Hardware and complained to the salesman 'cause it wasn't livin' up to what the salesman had promised. So that salesman pulled on the cord and suddenly that chainsaw started buzzin' like crazy. And Mr. Lamey asked, "What's that noise?"

BABE: I ain't met them sisters yet. From what I've heard, I don't want to neither. The one with the torch, what's her name?

GLOW: Spike.

BABE: Yes, she took away my sister Amy's doll and set it on fire.

SALLY: I ain't too worried about them two. I think me and Babe can lick 'em, long as we can get 'em to keep them things outa the ring. It's tough fightin' a torch or a chainsaw. But in a fair fight, they ain't got a snowball's chance.

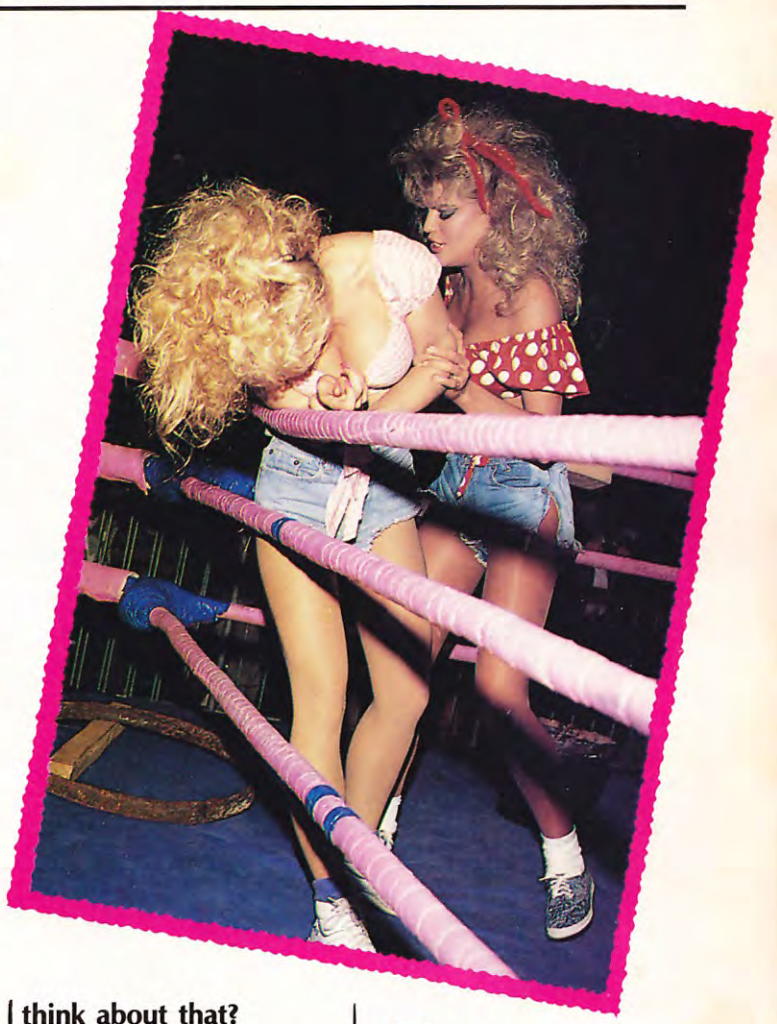
GLOW: Hollywood and Vine have often been described as a nasty version of the Farmer's Daughters. What do you think about that?

SALLY: I wrestled a bale of hay, trying to get it up into the loft, that was tougher 'n them two. We ain't worried about Hollywood and Vine. Long as you know their dirty tricks, those two can be whipped easy as pie.

GLOW: Well, I know you gals are busy so I won't hold you up any longer.

SALLY: Thank you, Mr. Hearn, and we hope to be the champs of **GLOW** this season. Babe and me'll sure be lookin' forward to wearin' that Crown.

BABE: Yessir, I'll wear it on odd days of the month and Sally'll wear it on even days. ●



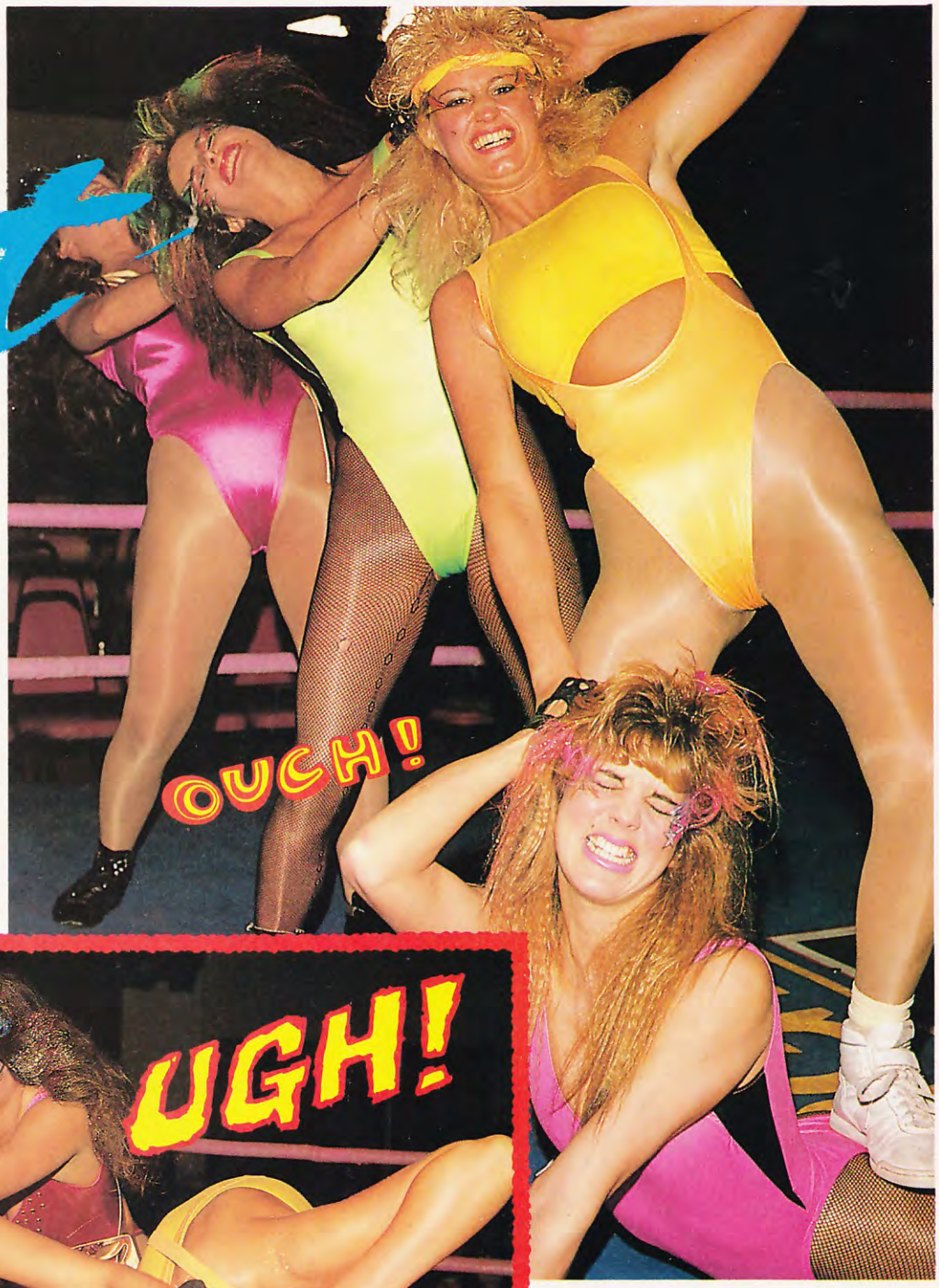
"These travelin' salesmen used to stop by the farm when Pa was in town. They were always askin' if they could help us count sheep at night!"

HOLLYWOOD & VINE's WINNING MOVE!

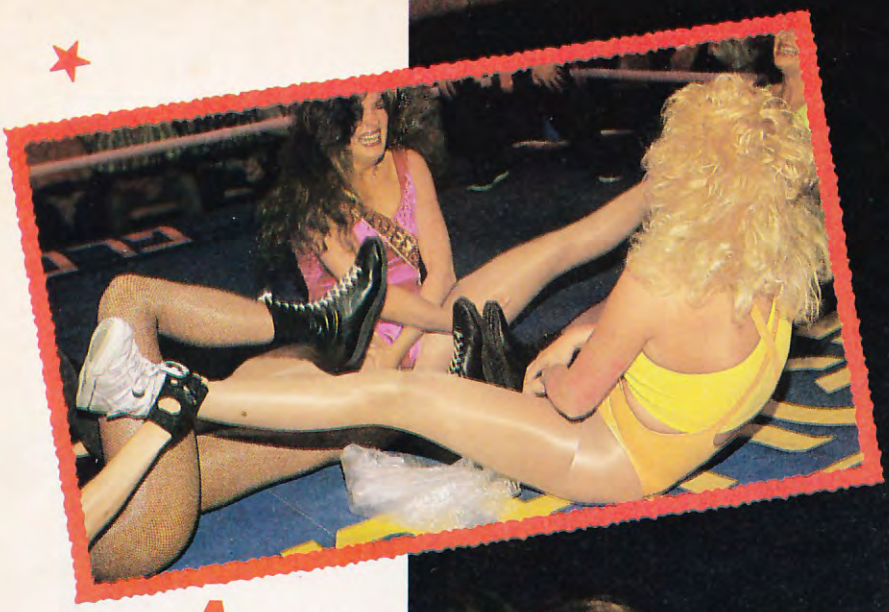
When you bring up the subject of the Rowboat with tag-team terrors Hollywood and Vine, they start giggling

boat

like a couple of schoolgirls and poking each other in the ribs. "We just kill 'em with that move!" yells Vine. "They hate it when we get 'em in the Rowboat . . . because it hurts! Ha ha ha!" "Yeah," Hollywood chuckles. "They don't walk very well for a couple of days afterward. Ha ha ha!"



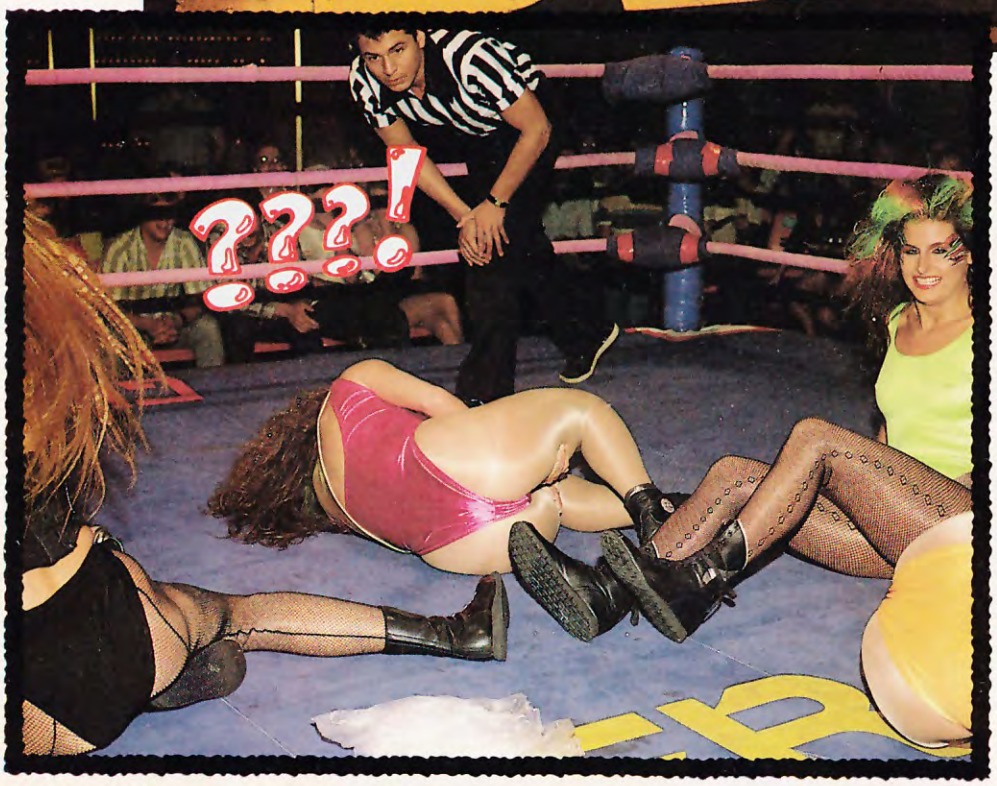
We captured this winning move on film recently when Hollywood and Vine teamed up against the California Doll and her new partner, Queenie, in a preliminary match.



I'M MAD NOW

After a few minutes of the usual hair-pulling, body-slamming, butt-kicking and sling-shots off the ropes, Hollywood and Vine craftily maneuvered their opponents into the Rowboat. They both ran into the ropes and bounced back into the middle of the ring, where they knocked the Doll and Queenie off their feet and onto their bottoms, facing each other. Immediately the deadly duo dropped between the Good Girls, grabbed their ankles, and pulled them apart. Then, like rowers, Hollywood and Vine leaned back, pulling the girls' legs with them. Ouch! One leg over here, one leg over there. . . Queenie and the California Doll suddenly know what a wishbone feels like, right before the wish!

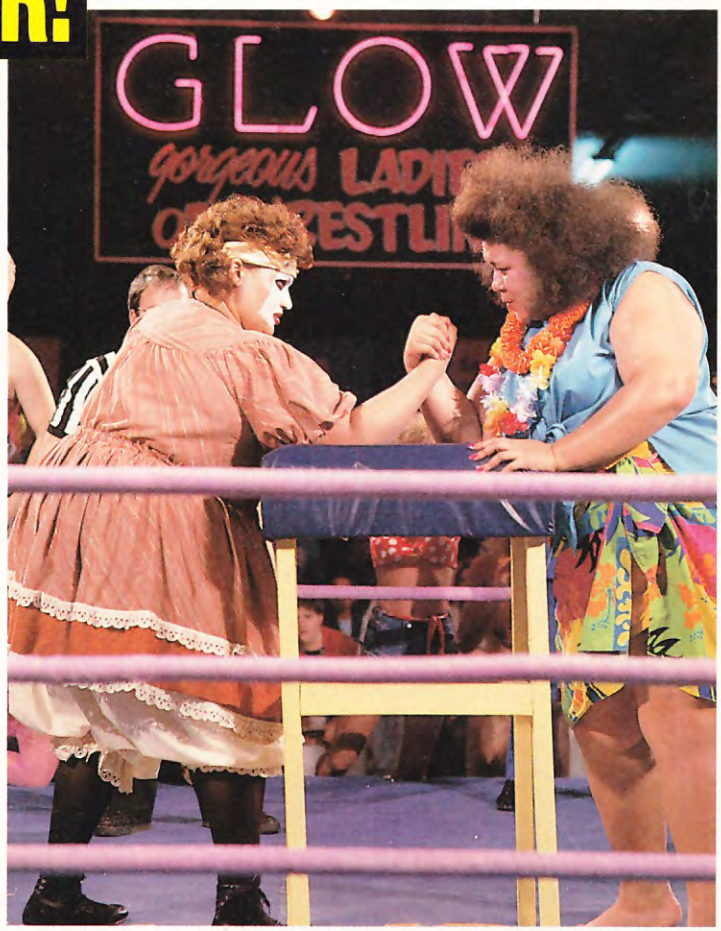
OH-NO!



"If they don't walk out of the ring like they've been riding horses for three days, we're doing it wrong," Vine snickers. "If they walk," Hollywood corrects her, "we're doing it wrong!" They glance at each other. "Ha ha ha ha!" ●

The Rowboat

SPECIAL REPORT FUTURE GLOW STAR!



"GET YOUR BIG BUTT OUTA THE WAY, Mountain Fiji, 'cause BIG BAD MAMA'S IN TOWN!"

"That stupid-looking ofay at the **GLOW** magazine asked me to say a few words to you fools out there. Well, I don't have much to say 'cause I believes in action. Action speaks loudest and it hurts more too. But you dummies prob'ly need some educatin', so I'll say a few words. . .and get to the action later.

"I'm Big Bad Mama. I wasn't always Mama but I've always been Big and Bad. I was 16 pounds when I came out. It was in a Louisiana cotton patch on a Mississippi bayou, north of New Orleans. My mama, who was pickin' cotton at the time, wiped me off with some raw cotton, put me in her tote sack, and took me back to the family shack at the end of the day, when the sun went down.

"I wasn't but two years old when I fought my first alligator. He'd been chasin'

KILL!
"I was born in a Louisiana cotton patch. My mama wiped me off and put me in her tote sack!"

me for about a year, and one day I just stopped and turned around and said... well, I hadn't learned how to talk too good yet, so I just jabbered something, some *gris gris* a Voodoo queen had taught me, and then I punched that gator right in the mouth!

"I left Louisiana when I was five. I didn't mean to leave, but this big wind blew up. It was bending telephone lines so far that when you called your neighbor the phone company charged you for long distance. *That's* a wind. Anyways, it blowed me across the Mississippi into Mississippi. That was my first trip away from home.

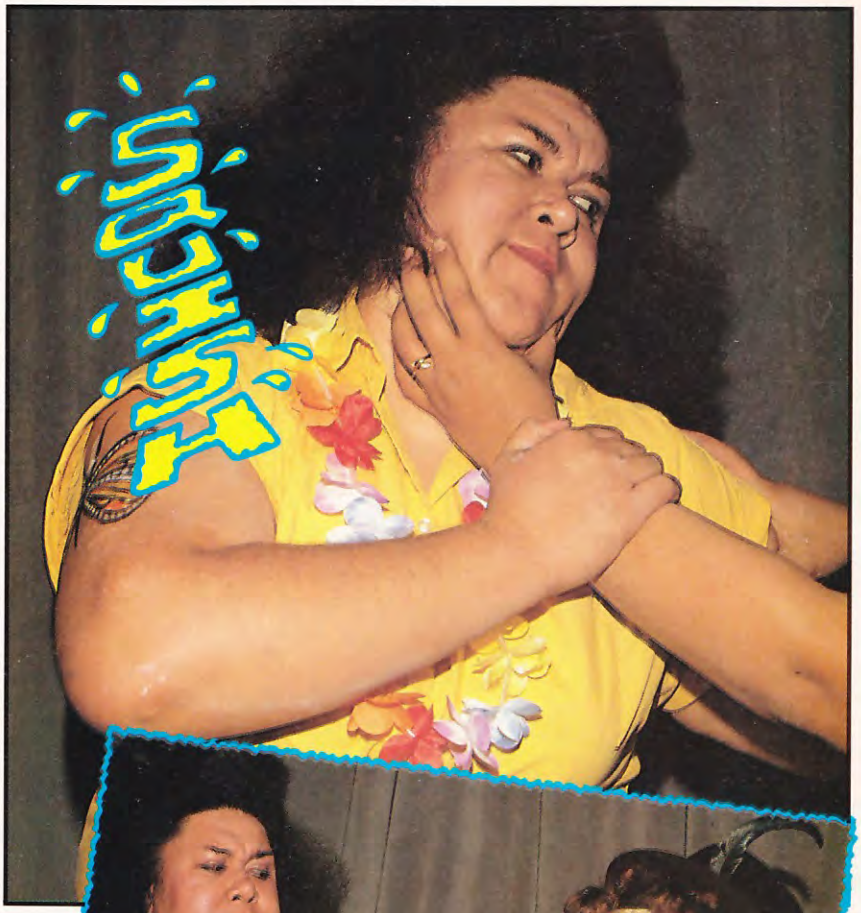
"I gots me some Cajun blood in me. Maybe that's why I loves gumbo, jambalaya and zydeco music. I also picked up some Voodoo from a witch woman down in Opalousas. I been known to work up a spell now and then. I plans on working up a few things with these prissy little white girls in the ring. **GLOW** don't allow no snakes, so I gotta work up some other things.

"I growed up with 13 brothers and sisters, so I learned how to kick butt real early. That's why wrestling for **GLOW** is a snap for *this* Big Bad Mama. I'm six feet tall and I weighs over 200 pounds...that's 200 *solid* pounds! I don't sing the blues, chile. I makes other peoples sing the blues. I carries grudges, not tunes.

"I don't sing the blues, I makes other people sing the blues. I carries grudges, not tunes!"

"They's some of these people warn me about Mountain Fiji. Well, I laugh at 'em. The moment I set eyes on that big dummy, I told her, 'Get your big butt outa my way, Mountain Fiji, 'cause Big Bad Mama's in town and she's *bad*!'

"Well, that's all I'm gonna say. I ain't foolin' with you turkeys any longer. I gots a lot to do. I gots some butts to kick. So you be sure to turn on your TV sets and be ready for me, Big Bad Mama. I'm gonna cook up some Voodoo in the ring like you never seen. I'm gonna be the next champ of **GLOW**, just you watch!"



UGH!
"I gots some butts to kick. So you be sure to turn on your TV sets and be ready for this Big Bad Mama!"

OUR FAVORITE PEOPLE: GLOW FANS

Where would the GLOW girls be without their loyal and devoted fans? Nowhere, that's where. And you won't find a better looking and more *enthusiastic* bunch of fans anywhere than what you see at GLOW matches. In future issues, we'll be showcasing fans who show up on the GLOW tours. All you gotta do is come to the matches and see your favorite stars. And say *cheese*!

DECLARATION-OF-INDEPENDENCE REPORT

"I'M NOT A BABY AND I WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND!"

Little Fiji

Breaks Loose In Her First Interview!

by Dawna Kaufmann

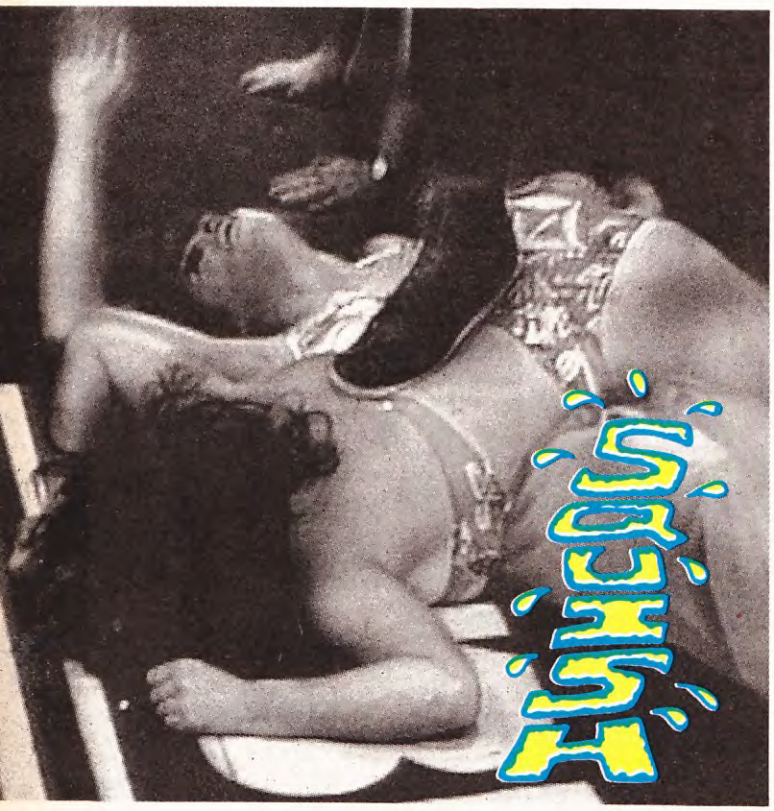
This pretty little Polynesian is finally declaring herself free of her old image and stepping out from her big sister's shadow—and what a long, huge shadow it is!

Little Fiji started as a **GLOW** Go-fer whose job was to go-fer coffee, go-fer towels, or whatever. Being only half the size of her super-athlete sister, Mountain Fiji, she took a lot of ribbing and abuse from the very start. Wrestlers who had been roundly thumped by Mountain Fiji decided they could take revenge on the petite, demure and pretty little sister.

Little Fiji fought back and trained for the ring. In the past she has mainly fought as part of tag-teams and free-for-alls, but now she says she's not going to be pushed around anymore. She's getting mighty independent these days, making her own friends, earning her own keep, working out with weights, taking her lumps like the other **GLOW** girls, and generally becoming her very own person instead of simply being Mountain Fiji's baby sister.

We spoke to Little Fiji recently, and the tiny, articulate young lady talked freely about where she's been and where she hopes to go.

Little Fiji



"Hollywood, Vine and Angel came into the ring like the Three Stooges. Vine started spraying me down with a can of beer!"

GLOW: What made you decide to wrestle?

FIJI: When I first joined **GLOW**, I was content to run errands and be the towel girl for the others, just because it was a way to be around the action. Everything was so very different from life back in Samoa that even the dullest chores seemed like an adventure.

But after a few weeks, those Bad Girls started taking advantage of the situation. They treated me like a slave, making me do impossible tasks, like wallpapering Ninotchka's room in dollar bills, and tanning wild animal hides for Matilda's costumes. If I tried to complain, they threatened to report me to **GLOW** officials as a troublemaker. It was as if they were abusing me just to get even with my sister, Mountain Fiji.

Before long, I realized that if I wanted to earn the respect of the **GLOW** baddies I'd have to fight them on their own level, and that meant in the ring. I told my sister I wanted to wrestle, but she wasn't too enthusiastic. Afraid I'd get hurt. She wouldn't discuss the matter with me. So I went to Tina Ferrari and Ashley Cartier for advice.

GLOW: Would you credit Tina and Ashley with giving you your first big break?

FIJI: Absolutely. They agreed to let me wrestle on their team, provided I trained hard. They said they would help, and when they felt I was ready, they'd announce the match. It was the happiest day of my life.

GLOW: How did they help you?

FIJI: Tina took me to the gym with her every morning for two months. We'd work out with weights for an hour, swim for 20 minutes, then go to an aerobics dance class for another hour. In the afternoons, we'd reward ourselves with lunch and shopping sprees.

Ashley was another story altogether. While Tina developed my physical side, Ashley worked on my emotional needs. She said I was like a delicate little flower, and that it was bloomin' time! She insisted I tag along with her at parties, and we went on countless double dates with some of the richest and most attractive bachelors in town. Ashley taught me everything I know about how to feel comfortable with the opposite sex.

GLOW: Everything you know, maybe—but not everything *Ashley* knows!

FIJI: You got that right. That girl's got a lot of tricks up her sleeve.

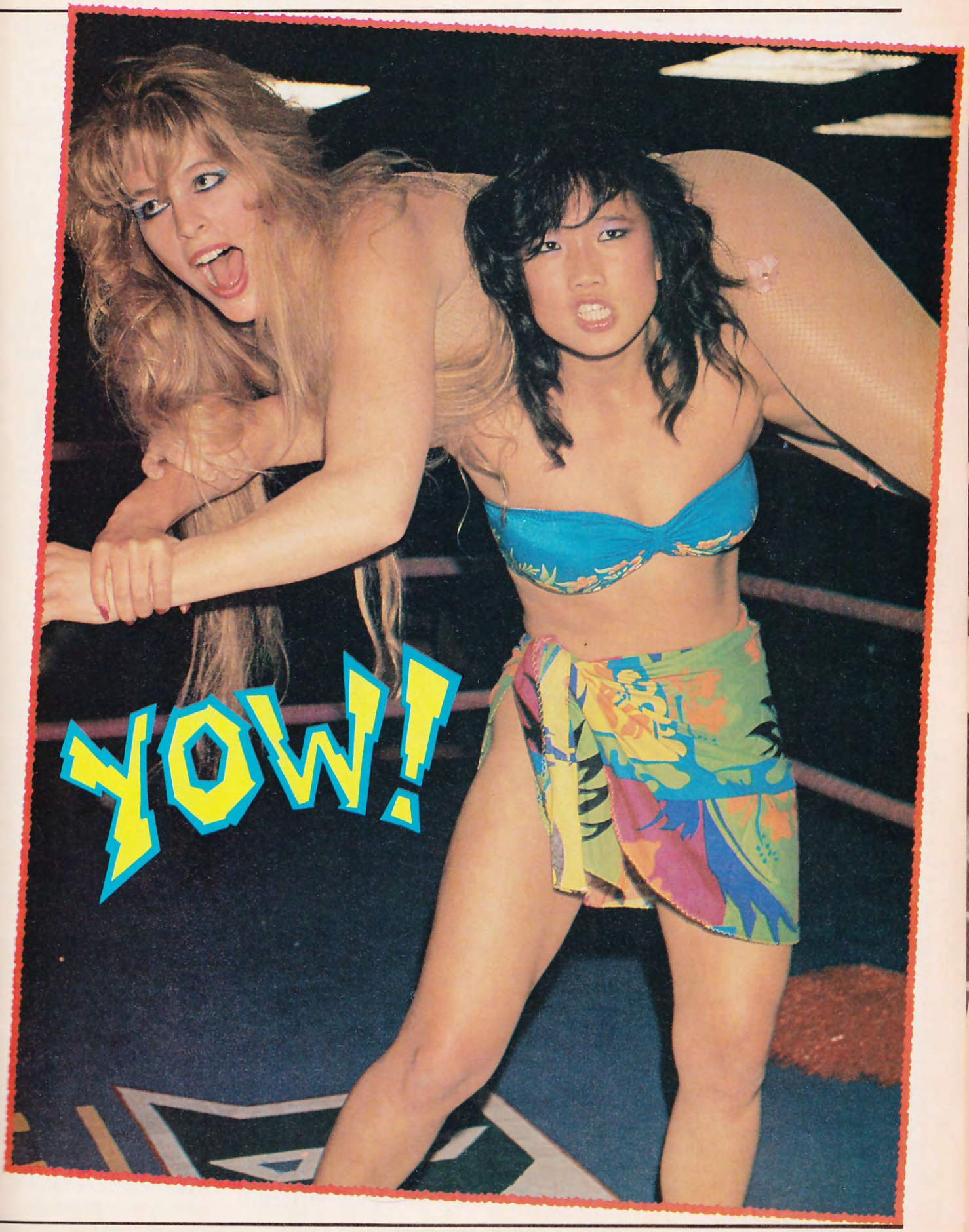
GLOW: Tell us about your first match.

FIJI: It was a Russian Roulette Elimination Event with Tina, Ashley and me on one team, and Hollywood, Vine and Angel on the other. Right off the bat, they came into the arena like the Three Stooges. Angel wouldn't take off her chains, and Vine sprayed me down with a can of beer.

The bell rang, I took a deep breath, then threw myself into it totally. For a while we were like cars in a demolition derby bouncing, bashing and banging every which way. It took Hollywood and Vine both ganging up to eliminate me—and I went out kicking. In the end, we won the match. Tina, Ashley and I stood in the center of the ring, hugging each other and blowing kisses to the crowd, while our fans cheered and gave us a standing ovation. At the height of the excitement, I spotted Sis looking right at me. She was clapping and giggling. I saw tears trickling down her cheek.

GLOW: Tears of pride, no doubt.

FIJI: Yep, she really thought I did


YOW!

great. She was amazed at how tough I can be.

GLOW: So she's been supportive ever since?

FIJI: I'll say. In fact, we've teamed up a number of times already, and our record is pretty terrific.

GLOW: Does any match especially stand out?

FIJI: My favorite is a "No Rules, Three Falls" match. In that one, Sis, Americana and I took on Hollywood and Vine and Mathilda. Forget that we were seriously outweighed. And don't count the fact that Mathilda intimidated the poor referee so badly he didn't know what was what. We came on like gangbusters, and those creeps didn't have a prayer.

GLOW: Does it bother you that some of the other GLOW girls cheat?

FIJI: Of course it does. I guess I'll have to learn to take it in stride, but it really makes me mad.

I'm capable of defending myself in a fair match. But too often my opponents use sneaky and illegal means to try to win. And too often they succeed.

Sometimes I'm appalled at what those Bad Girls get away with. In one handicap match where I was teamed up with my sister against the Soul Patrol and Angel, I couldn't believe the low and disgusting tactics they used. While the Soul Patrol held me down, Angel put her greasy motorcycle helmet on my head. And then, as if that wasn't enough, the three of them used me as a battering ram, pounding

Little Fiji

me over and over into my sister's stomach.

GLOW: Lucky for you both she's well-padded.

FIJI: Really. Then there was the time the Princess of Darkness hypnotized my partner, Lil Egypt, with her magic mojo bone. Egypt started running like a zombie again and again into the turnbuckle until she knocked herself out. We won, even if it was by disqualification.

GLOW: Isn't your size a tremendous drawback in the wrestling field?

FIJI: Adore and Envy call me the runt of **GLOW**, because I weigh barely 100 pounds. It's true, I am the smallest of the wrestlers, but I'm no 97-pound weakling. And I'm *not* a baby!

When I'm in a fight, I use every molecule in my being to become a no-frills mini-dynamo!

I don't mind being on the petite side. I guess I'm used to it. I know that every time the **GLOW** gals have a group picture taken, there I'll be, sitting front-row center.

One time I did regret my small size was during the summer **GLOW** Games. There was a Tug O' War between the Good Girls and Bad Girls, played over a big mud puddle. Three guesses who was the first into the mud. Yecch! I can still taste it!

GLOW: What do the folks back home think of what you're doing?

FIJI: They're really thrilled that I'm following in Mountain Fiji's footsteps. She's a major figure in Samoa, you know.

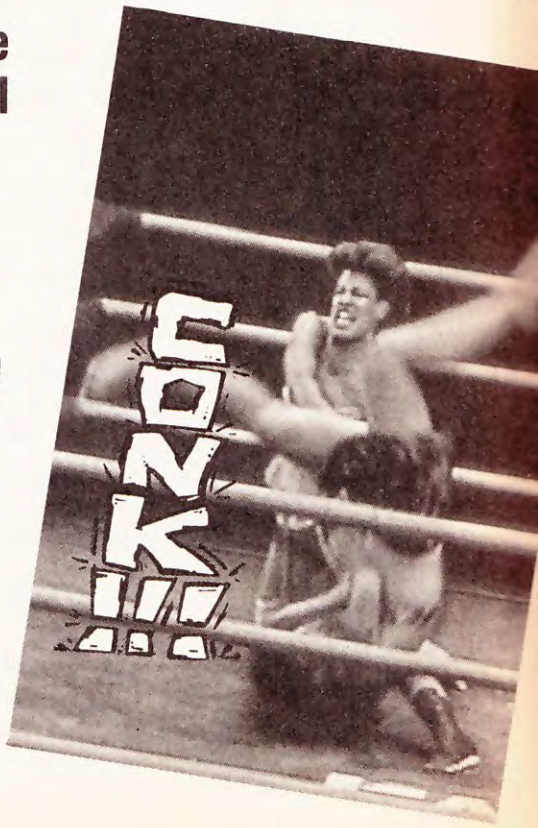
GLOW: She's a major figure everywhere!

FIJI: You have to realize that in the South Pacific, kids—especially girls—live with their parents until they marry, sometimes even longer. The typical island girl is not raised to be ambitious. It's a very laid-back life—and that's fine for some people. But I think a lot of young Samoan girls will look at Mountain Fiji and me as examples and be inspired. I hope so, anyway.

GLOW: Somehow, I don't see you returning to Samoa, running back home with your tail between your legs.

FIJI: No way! I may go home for a visit—I *do* love the islands, and I miss my family—but **GLOW**'s a way of life with me now. It's a career I love. ●

"While the Soul Patrol held me down, Angel put her motorcycle helmet on my head, and they used me as a human battering ram!"



ONE-ON-ONE

SPANISH RED

One-on-One is your chance to communicate directly with your favorite GLOW wrestlers. Write to the GLOW star of your choice at GLOW Magazine, 6565 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 520, Hollywood CA 90028. We'll print the best letters in each issue—along with each GLOW girl's response!

Dear Spanish Red:
In the January '88 issue of **GLOW** magazine I saw a picture of you hitting Americana in the face with a pie. That was absolutely hilarious and justified for someone that's as conceited as she is. I don't like the idea of Americana, Susie Spirit, Debbie Debutante and all the other goodie-goodies putting you down just because you're a Chicana. So do us a favor and hit them all in the face with a pie! Do it as their "just desserts" for their constant put-downs and snotty attitude. Now go out there and win that **GLOW** Crown!

Michael Collins
Las Vegas NV

Dear Michael:
Gracias, amigo. *You know, it doesn't take much to get my Latin blood boiling. These "goodie-goodies" as you call them deserve a pie in the face because they're all cream-puffs! They make me sick. I just can't wait until I meet them in the ring again. Boy, I'll show those va-vosas a thing or two. And next time I'll get them with something a lot heavier than a pie—a burrito maybe, and you can count on that.*

Dear Spanish Red,
I am 17 years old, and you are my favorite wrestler. I really don't care what other people say about you—they're just a bunch of fools! I watched you fight the Farmer's Daughter and loved it when you pinned her to the mat! I too am proud to be a Latin American like you. I do wonder how you manage to take all those beatings to the midsection. Doesn't it hurt?

Rita Ruiz
Chicago IL

Dear Rita,
Sure, it hurts like hell, but that comes with the territory. Every time I get hit, I try to hit my opponent even harder! Like I say, once my Spanish blood starts boiling, it's hard to stop me. Pain is my inspiration!

Dear Spanish Red,
I think you are a wimp. You are always getting angry when people call you names. You are always ready to beat people up. Cool out! Do you mind if I call you Red for short?

Bill Frampton
Westport CT

You stupid pig!
Do us both a favor and don't call me anything at all! Or I'll have you calling yourself an ambulance!

MORE UPCOMING IN GLOW MAGAZINE:

★ Is she a vainglorious villainess out for vindication? Is she devilish and devoid of devotion? Or is she truly de*vine*? **Vine**, the mysterious half of ***GLOW***'s most popular Bad Girl team, is unleashed in an exclusive interview so outrageous that you'll never look at her the same again.

★ **Mountain Fiji** is so mad, steam is almost whistling out of her ears. In our April issue of ***GLOW***, **Corporal Kelly** delivered one vicious insult after another against the usually placid Samoan. And we mean *vicious*! In reply, Mountain Fiji declares, "No more Ms. Nice Guy!" At least not until she performs a verbal autopsy on the mean Marine, to be printed verbatim next issue. Beware: This is not for the weak of heart!

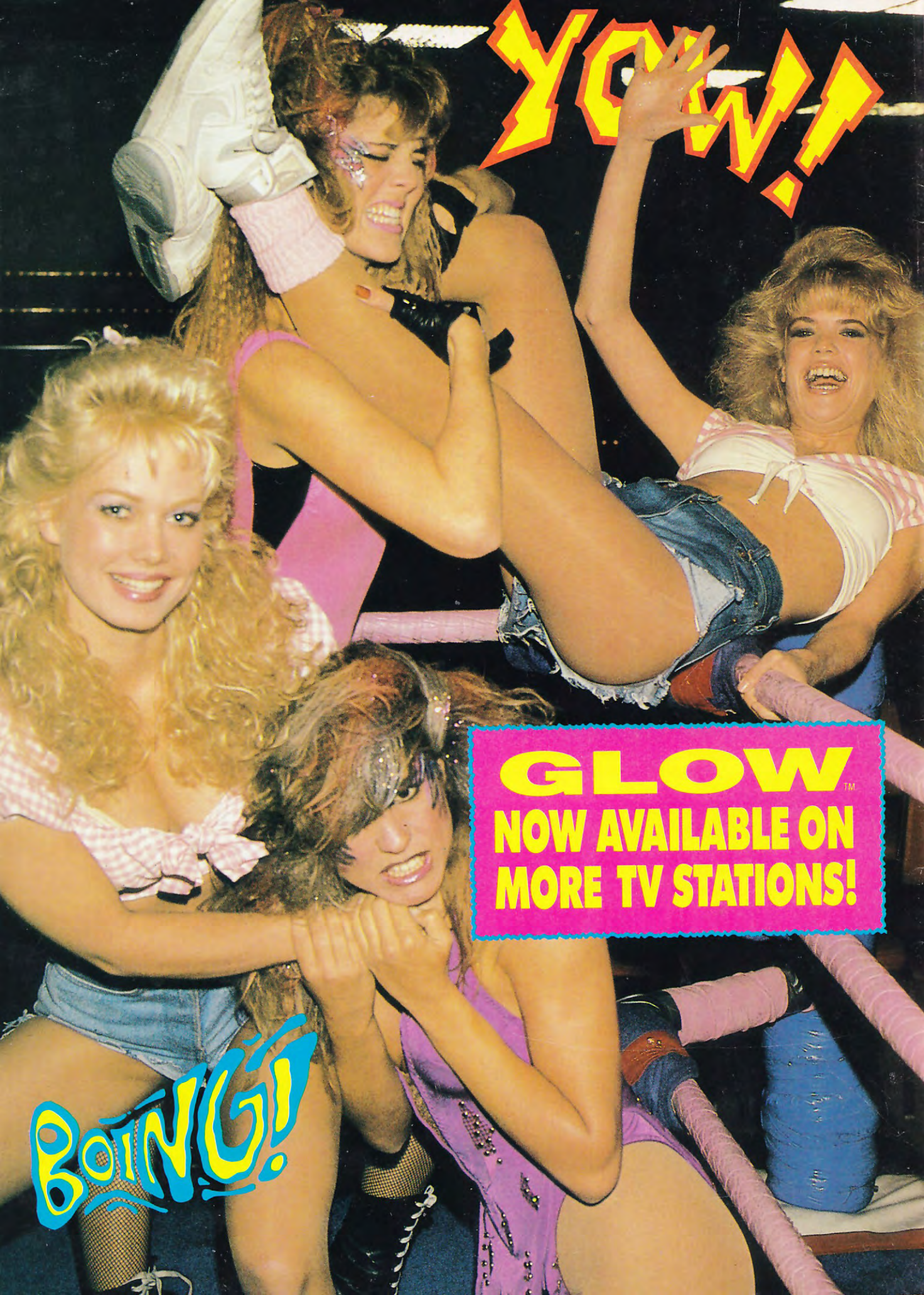
★ *Hallelujah!* **Evangelina**, one of ***GLOW***'s newest wrestlers, is on a righteous mission. She's come "to save the souls of all those Jezebels and harlots who wrestle in the ring!" Every match she wins, Evangelina claims, is a victory over Satan. Your salvation may depend on her!

★ Zap! Pow! Crunch! Straight from the wonder world of the imagination come **Thunderbolt** and **Lightning**, ***GLOW***'s newest Good Girl Tag Team. They can leap higher and farther than mere mortals...and no wonder! Rumor has it they stepped out of the pages of a comic book!

★ **Will you be going to Las Vegas to see and meet all the *GLOW* girls?** Next issue we announce the Big Winner of our "Free Weekend in Vegas" Contest.

★ Plus action-packed photos of ***GLOW*** battles featuring **Hollywood**, **Broadway Rose**, **Sunny the California Girl**, **Zelda the Nerd**, **Vicky Victory** and Indian bravette **Cheyenne Cher**!

★ Naturally we'll have lots of photos of our fans from the ***GLOW*** Tour, fan letters, our exciting monthly features, and plenty of socko surprises! So be sure you're ringside when the next issue of ***GLOW*** hits the stands.


YOW!
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MORE TV STATIONS!
BOING!

BAD MA

LITTLE F

FARMER'S DA

DAUGHTERS

HOUSE

EWIDES